

Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII.

BISMARCK, D. T., SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.

NO. 6

NEWS AND NOTES.

After the burden, the blissful morn;
After the flight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the waking seed;
After the shadowy river—rest!

Minnie Walton, the actress, is dead.

Prince Jerome is now styled Napoleon V.

Conkling has been in Congress twenty five years.

A retired Boston fireman calls himself an expert.

The Democrats are disposed to read Bayard out of the party.

Lawrence County warrants are now rated at seventy five cents.

Chicago has a population of 537,000 according to the last directory.

The Grand Forks Herald, published by Winship, has made its appearance.

Lieut. John A. Totten, has been transferred from 1st Infantry to the Artillery.

Lieut. Roseau, of the 23th Infantry, is held in \$20,000 bail for killing Dr. Rivers.

Four different lines of railway are projected down the Red River valley toward Pembina.

Congress has adjourned at last. The President will not call another extra session.

Zack Chandler gave the rebels in congress several parting shots in a red hot speech.

The Central City Black Hills Herald is now published tri weekly. It is a lively paper.

Lieut. McCandless, U. S. A. secured last week on account of heavy poker and losses.

Oscar Wall, editor of the Herald, has been appointed and captain and postmaster at Lanesboro.

There is a constant and increasing demand for American four wheelers in the European market.

Representative L. C. of Pennsylvania, has charge of the campaign committee.

A Baltimore woman gave birth to four children and all are well. A bad case of twins.

A New York woman is on her way to the penitentiary for swindling to obtain fees as a midwife.

The city of Worcester approved the plans and estimates for the new buildings for the city.

Two Chinese men took a boat citizenship papers in Chicago, but now they are the same as Americans.

The May Queen, after residing wholly from carelessness on the part of the manager who was the only person responsible.

Another 100 ft. of rail will soon be erected on the Consolidated, to connect near DeWitt, by a new York mine, so many.

The railroad men are going to cost the country a million dollars, if the Democrats in caucus assembled a world of trouble.

Some Chaplains. Religious enthusiasts never kill themselves. They always think God will kill them to keep them on earth.

Congress passed the bill for the relief of children and no longer for the article. It will be so cheap all can afford the luxury.

Archibald Gibson has been appointed a second lieutenant in the 17th Infantry. R. M. Dewey, has been appointed to the 17th Infantry.

The Maine men who used an umbrella for a scene crew was disgraced to find the crowd using it for shelter during wet weather.

Capt. R. P. Clark, proprietor of the Cyle House Valley Springs, Duka, was killed by his son Peter, the lad killed, in self defense, last week.

Prominent Southern politicians think it was the ill advised Peter Committee investigation that drove President Hayes into the radical camp.

Hon. Chas. Gilman, St. Cloud, will probably be the next Gov. of Minnesota, having consented to the use of his name for that position.

Another steamship, the May Queen, exploded on Lake Minnetonka last week and several persons were seriously injured. The engineer was killed.

The Montana Legislature has been called to meet in extra session July 1st. It will, no doubt, lend encouragement to the extension of the North Pacific.

The Secretary of the Senate has stopped all new England papers which used to be kept on file for the use of members and substituted Southern Journals.

The gauge was changed last week on 700 miles of the Iron Mountain Railway. Three thousand men were employed and it was done in less than half a day.

Frederick Jones, not Col. Fred, but a private of the 17th, was shot at a Pembina last week. Too much bad luck and a bad case of four, and Jones was downed.

J. B. Baynes succeeds J. W. Walsh in the publication and editorial management of the Valley Pioneer. Walsh is now publishing the Dakota Mail at Pine Bluff.

Sergeant Major A. M. Fuller, has been promoted to 2nd Lt. 2nd Cavalry, Corporal Horace B. Stacey, 2nd Lt. 13th Infantry, Corporal Henry L. Riley, to be 2nd Lieutenant 24th Infantry.

There are now upwards of 1,200 stamps, assessed at \$900,000 in operation in Lawrence County (Black Hills) Dakota. The estimated yield from these mills when worked to their highest capacity is six and one-half million annually.

Thurman is the only member of the U. S. Senate who uses snuff. Fifty years ago two-thirds of the members used it, and two boxes then provided for the members are still kept filled at public expense.

An exchange, commenting on the bad results of kissing the baby, and what that baby has to suffer in various ways from promiscuous osculation says the safest plan is not to kiss a baby of the feminine persuasion until it attains the age of sixteen. The cartilage of the nose is stronger then, and there is no danger of deforming that sweet little feature, or making her near-sighted.

WRETCHED WORK OF WIND

THE HURRICANE'S UNWONTED VISIT AT THE LEVEE.

The "Montana's" Palace Cabin Demolished by a Wind Explosion--Narrow Escape of Human Life.

THE STORM.

June went out with a terror. Monday evening about half past seven o'clock the black clouds that had been gathering in the western sky let loose one of the liveliest storms of wind and rain ever witnessed in Bismarck. The wind rolled up the dust and whirled it about in the streets until the town was completely enveloped. Business outdoors was quickly and very abruptly terminated. The large arm chairs in front of the Sheridan were sent rolling down the railroad track. A hoghead started from the south side of the railroad, bounded up on Maratta's steps and then went straight for the St. James Restaurant. A plucky witness stopped it and headed it up the street. It passed out of sight as if it was going somewhere. A bird cage, unharmed, was dropped down on the awning of the Post Office. Where it came from the postmaster doesn't attempt to tell. Fred Whittier and George Reed were out on the prairie when the storm came up. They had all they could do to get through. They report the hail as very large and very uncomfortable. John Hongland went out into the country, Tuesday morning, to roof a frame stable that he had put up. He met the owner, who reproached him for not doing the work sooner. John apologized and said he was going to do the work then. He couldn't see a foot of the timbers, and he felt ashamed to tell the countryman that the stable had been

BLOWN AWAY.

The clock that hangs on the pilot house of the Denver, was carried across the railroad track, but was found Tuesday morning tucking away and indicating the correct time. That clock should be sent to the next Centennial. Pieces of the Montana's cabin were carried over the bluff five hundred yards. The report that the Helena had been wrecked and six lives lost was wholly unfounded. The Rose Bud met her steaming up the river as if nothing had happened. The former laid all night at Berthold. The storm was heavy but not destructive. At Painted Woods Col. Moore and Capt. Todd report large trees blown over and every appearance of a frightful blast in that vicinity. The Eclipse passed the night at Don Stevenson's ranch. There was a hard blow but no damage done. The damage was reserved for the Bismarck landing. There the two "Grand Republics" of the upper Missouri were tied up—the Montana and Dakota, of the Coulson line. Capt. N. Buesen, of the Montana, was standing upon the roof of the hurricane deck, when he saw the wind coming across the river from the direction of Fort Lincoln. It was cutting the water after a fashion that

FORESHADOWED HAVOC.

Capt. Buesen hurriedly stepped to the smoke stacks to see if their fastenings were all right. He naturally thought they were in the most danger. The shock that followed told him that the chimneys were of no consequence. The stern of the steamer swung heavily against the bank and the rear half of the cabin was raised up and dashed to pieces. The deadly gust passed the stern of the Dakota which was lying just above the Montana, and tore away the west half of the roof of the hurricane deck forward of the smoke stacks. It then carried off the chimneys of the Col. MacLeod, moored several hundred feet up stream. While it was stirring up the steamers, the wind also took notice of the buildings on shore. Bird's machine shop was completely unroofed and the building so badly damaged that the proprietor thinks it will cost as much to repair as to build it new from the ground. The machinery was not damaged. The Coulson line were house was moved eastward a little and the Denver boarding house was turned half around. A log house on the side of the bluff was unroofed and the so called water works (troughs and pump) were thrown down.

THE MONTANA.

Tuesday morning this noble vessel presented a sad picture. The cabin was half on the bank and the other half clinging to the ship. Only six state rooms and the office were left in standing form. The Texas was hanging over the guards and the pilot house was leaning at an angle of forty-five degrees. Capt. Buesen's room was apparently sliding off. The elegant furniture was all there in good shape except the mirror of his dressing case which was broken behind the drawers. The bell had been blown from its support and rolled forward on the deck. Fifty feet from that bell on the roof of the Dakota were a dozen buckets and an empty beer bottle unroofed. That wind was evidently traveling in parallel streaks. On the floor of the cabin there were piled together in the worst confusion bedsteads, mattresses, springs, bedding, pitchers, bowls, silverware, chairs, sofas, spittoons, dishes, tables, chandeliers. The large mirror of the ladies' cabin was carried seventy-five feet

and dropped down upon a stump. The glass was smashed into an infinite number of pieces. Only a small portion of the frame could be discovered. The piano escaped with a slight splinter out of the cover. Doors, panels of doors, slivers and pitchers were carried several hundred feet up the sloping bluff. Cars standing on the track two hundred feet distant were smashed in by flying splinters. Mr. Cox, the steward, was in the ladies' parlor, when the steamer was struck. He started forward but before he had gone forty feet the cabin had slipped over his head and he was standing on deck. The chamber maid was pinned down by a section of one of the staterooms. Cox relieved her and passed down stairs to the boiler deck and out front. When they got there the storm was practically over. It was so sudden, that no one had time to escape and when they had time there was no necessity for it. There were no passengers on board.

THE LOSS.

The Montana cost \$40,000 and was insured against fire for \$20,000 in the Underwriters, Carroll & Powell, agents at St. Louis. The damage is not less than ten thousand dollars, which, of course, is a total loss. All of her chains are broken, and must be repaired before she can be moved. Her hull and machinery are all right. She will have to be taken to St. Louis at an expense of two or three thousand dollars. She will not appear in the Missouri river again this season. The stockholders, S. B. Coulson, D. W. Maratta, W. S. Evans, of Pittsburgh, N. Buesen, Capt. John Todd, Mart Coulson, and Banker McVay, of Yankton, of the Coulson line, are all owners in the Montana. One thousand dollars will cover the damage to the Dakota. She took three ship carpenters with her to repair the damage under way.

THE DAMAGE ABOUT TOWN.

was considerable. The mule shed of the stage company was uncovered and the north side of the corral blown out. Two new wagons were "pulverized," borrowing the lucid description of Henry Blakely. In other words they were blown to pieces. A hack was whirled through the air one hundred feet but not seriously hurt. A little frame house in the east end of town was blown over and the occupant, Mr. W. H. West, badly used up. Two of his bones were broken. A few chimneys and signs were blown down.

The wind's velocity at the signal office was 54 miles per hour. Had the wind gauge been on board the Montana, it would have registered nearly one hundred. The rainfall was forty hundredths of an inch.

STEWART ROSS'S MISTORTUNE.

Steward James Ross, of the Montana, lost his pocket book and six hundred dollars in greenbacks. He found the pocket book on the bank, but many greenbacks. He had been in his room counting those greenbacks and when the storm came up stepped into the cabin for a moment. The fury of the blast knocked all recollection of the greenbacks out of his head and at the same time strewn the bluff with those most precious government documents.

CRAMER'S PHILOSOPHY.

Sergeant Cramer, of the U. S. Signal Corps, says: During the severe storm Monday, the anemometer at the Signal Office showed an average velocity of 50 miles per hour for the half hour of its continuance, and, for five minutes, at its highest, it was blowing at the rate of 54 miles per hour. This would give a pressure of 14½ pounds on every square foot of surface opposed to it; and allowing that a man presents six square feet resistance, he would encounter about 60 pounds pressure. The storm extended as far north as Fort Stevenson and with equal fury. It appears to have travelled from the west, and its centre to have passed between this place and Stevenson. It struck both places about the same time and the wind rushed from either place toward the other, and still combating, moved onward to the east. It did not appear to have all the features of a tornado at this place, but may have taken that form at some places in its course. The display of electricity was almost incessant here but it was north, toward the centre where its full intensity and violence were manifested. About half an inch of rain fell here during the storm.

The surroundings of and incidents in the wreck of the steamer Montana at the landing indicate that the damage was done chiefly by an explosion caused by a sudden expansion of the air within her cabin which, being close, was forced to pieces to allow the confined air to escape. The expansion of the air would result from a rapid decrease in the pressure of the air generally which is a feature of all severe storms.

Another Rich Strike.

The Deadwood Pioneer says: While the miners of a certain tunnel located at the base of Custer Peak, on the east side, were developing their mine they came upon an immense body of ore, which, on investigation, proved to be black sulphurets of silver. At first they did not know positively as to the richness of the ore; but assays prove it to contain \$900 to the ton. And thus it goes; day after day reports reach us of rich strikes being made by those who persevere in their endeavors to unearth and bring to light the contaminating root.

A Warning to Young Men.

The old man's sands of life are still running but the Postmaster General has prohibited the payment of money orders to Rev. Joseph T. Inman, so the young men who suffer from youthful indiscretion, etc., must find some other way of sending their money if they will persist in being swindled.

THE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

ITEMS CORRALED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE.

No Extra Session--The Fourth Observed Throughout the South--Chapter of Accidents.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

NO EXTRA SESSION.

ST. PAUL, July 5.—The Washington Star authoritatively denies the statement that the President will again call an extra session of congress to provide for the pay of United States marshals; a deficiency bill will be relied upon.

MORE STORMS.

The storm throughout Minnesota and Wisconsin continues. Thursday's storm was the heaviest known for many years. The trains on all of the eastern and southern roads were delayed, bridges and the grade being washed away in many instances. The rain fall was immense. Ten people were killed by the storm at Vasa, and a great number were injured at Lake Emily. Several houses were destroyed by the gale which preceded the rain.

RECONSTRUCTED.

The first national salute since the war was fired at Charleston, South Carolina, on the Fourth of July. The day was generally celebrated throughout the south as well as the north.

DULUTH.

celebrated by a grand excursion on the Peerless.

ACCIDENTS.

The Third Presbyterian Church, Trenton, was set fire by a rocket and consumed. Loss \$4,500.

The excursion steamer, Davis, careened on Lake Quinegamond, Mass., her hurricane deck breaking off and one hundred people thrown into the lake. Ten were drowned and many injured.

CRIME.

Burgeon, a drayman, and Lester A. Butcher had a fight in the streets of Cincinnati, yesterday. Burgeon had his throat cut from ear to ear. Lester is in jail.

An unknown wretch attempted to outrage a four year old girl at Cedar Rapids, yesterday. The girl was found senseless in an ally. The villain had used a knife.

Nine liquor crooks were yesterday arrested in Mercer County, Ky. John Seymour, a brother of Bishop Seymour, was found dead with a pistol shot in the head, in the grounds of the theological Seminary, N. Y. He is supposed to have been shot by a tramp, as the grounds have been used as a resort by that class of people lately.

AN EXPLOSION.

Fifty men were killed by an explosion in the High Blantzer coal pit, near Glasgow, yesterday morning. Two bodies were recovered.

BEATEN.

The famous Shoe-wae-camette was beaten by the Wyandotte crew at Toledo yesterday by two lengths in three miles.

SUPPLIES TO THE FRONT.

Indians Trying to Bulldoze Their Agent.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

FORT BUFORD, July 5.—Company C, Sixth Infantry, Lieut. Byrne commanding, leave here on the steamer Rose Bud. They will be stationed at Gen. Miles' supply depot, at old Fort Peck. A large amount of quartermaster and subsistence stores will go forward from here by the same boat for Gen. Miles' troops in the present campaign. Captain Hamilton, Second Cavalry, will join the expedition from this point, going up on the Str. Dakota, which is expected to-morrow. By private advices from Poplar River it is learned that Capt. Britton, Sixth Infantry, has had a long conference with the rebellious chiefs at Poplar River agency. Black Catfish and Stab asked by Lieut. Walker why they refused to be counted by the agent, stated that the count produced nothing but tickets, and they could not eat tickets. It is also reliably reported that the low price paid by Thompson & Co., Indian traders for robes caused great dissatisfaction among the Indians.

Mr. Thompson, the trader, explains that Catfish demanded not only a very high price for some inferior robes, but a feast for his band and undertook to bulldoze the agent as well as the trader because his insolent demands were not complied with.

Capt. Britton, who is an officer of considerable experience among Indian tribes, explained matters satisfactorily to the chiefs and they were then as earnest for a count as they were at first opposed to it. At date of last advices, June 30th, there was not an ounce of food at Poplar River for the Indians. No blame is attached to the agent, Bird, but the Indian commissioner who has not forwarded the supplies. A band of 100 Sioux warriors under Yellow Eagle, crossed above the Mussel Shell traveling towards the Yellowstone about the last of June. Stanley Huntley, after wiring his famous "Sitting Bull" interview to the Chicago Tribune, a message of 8,400 words, left for Bismarck on the Benton yesterday morning.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Col. Huston's family are stopping at the Sheridan.

Gen. Sturgis has gone to St. Paul to meet his family.

Capt. McGarry is very sick with mountain fever.

W. B. Jordan took passage on the Rosebud for Buford.

P. B. Winston's family are stopping at the Sheridan.

Col. O. H. Moore was a passenger down on the Rosebud.

Capt. Massie is still confined to his room at the Sheridan.

Stanley Huntley arrived this afternoon on the steamer Benton.

Col. Wm. Thompson went to St. Paul Wednesday to buy a reaper.

Rev. Mr. Dodd expects to hold gospel services to-morrow at Mandan.

Capt. Thos Van Etten is a witness before the U. S. Court at Fargo.

John A. Stoyell delivered the Fourth of July oration at Grand Forks.

C. M. Cushman has entirely recovered from the effects of his late accident.

J. W. Miller and J. D. Biggert, Pittsburgh, are visiting Bismarck and vicinity.

Capt. J. E. Macklin, Fort Sully, is in the city as a witness before the court martial.

John A. Stoyell and Geo. P. Flannery were passengers on Wednesday's train to Fargo.

M. Cahn arrived, last evening, from Evansville, Ind. He will go up to Miles city on the first boat.

Capt. Joe Todd will take the Montana to St. Louis. Capt. Buesen has gone up the river on the Rosebud.

Mrs. Col. Lee and daughter are passengers on the Dakota, going to join Col. Lee at Fort Assiniboine.

Deputy U. S. Marshal A. H. returned Wednesday from Fort Kough with witnesses for the U. S. Court at Fargo.

E. H. Bly and Charles Thompson visited the Coal Banks this week. They contemplate developing them.

Rev. W. C. Stevens, the new pastor of the Presbyterian Church, is a son of the late Rev. M. Stevens, of Fargo.

Mr. Andrews, the general agent of the Miller's Association, Minneapolis, and wife, are guests of J. W. Raymond.

There is a large increase in immigration to America, from foreign countries. Dakota is receiving a large percentage.

Miss Tilford, daughter of Col. Tilford, returned Monday evening from Georgetown, D. C. where she has been attending school.

Miss Maggie Powers is taking a vacation, spending it in an excursion to Fort Benton and return on the steamer Eclipse.

Mrs. Dr. Porter returned Thursday evening from her visit home in Oberlin, Ohio. Her return was via the lakes from Chicago.

L. E. Newport and sister, Mrs. John M. Gorman and two daughters were guests of the pay car arriving Wednesday evening.

Capt. E. S. Godfrey left Thursday morning for West Point, where he will enter upon his duties, as instructor in military tactics.

Lieut. Flemming, formerly of the 2nd Infantry, has been released. The President having remitted the balance of his three years sentence.

"George Washington, Mt. Vernon, B. R. 1776," appeared on the Sheridan register yesterday. "B" is breakfast and "R 1776" is the sky parlor.

Dr. A. T. Bigelow will shortly start east on a sixty days' vacation, visiting Chicago, New York, Boston and the White Mountains.

Rev. Father Chrysostom returned from Fort Custer Saturday and held services on Sunday at the Catholic Church. He goes to Standing Rock to-day.

J. A. Hamilton, of Chicago, representing the drug firm of Talman & King, arrived in the city Thursday as self-appointed guardian of Ld. Smith.

J. C. Cady and wife registered at the Sheridan Tuesday evening. The bride is a Minneapolis lady, and Cady Bismarck's popular furniture man.

Ed. S. Smith, the Chicago cigar man, is in the city. Ed. can sell more cigars, do more talking and show better samples than any traveling man of his size in the country.

Capt. Townsend, of a Red River steamer has been indicted for manslaughter, an accident resulting in death, having occurred through carelessness on the part of the officer of his boat.

Fred H. Sargent, a son of general manager Sargent, and a young friend, Chas. H. Wilkins, Chicago, were passengers on the Dakota, on an excursion to the Upper Missouri.

C. C. Cushman, representing the St. Paul Dispatch is in the city. The Dispatch brings the news twelve hours later than any other paper and is to be particularly sought after on that account.

Sitting Bull with 300 lodges, is on the American side hunting Buffalo. He declines to return until he is properly fixed for supplies. He is on the Blackfoot reservation and on friendly terms with those Indians.

Theodore Shenkenberg, of Helena, Montana, is in the city. He will be married to Miss Eliza Glitschka and leave on the first boat for Helena. Theodore owns one of the best restaurants in Helena, that gem of the mountains, and is succeeding well in business.

Rev. Mr. Dodd, who has been supplying the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church the past six months, has been appointed by President Hayes Post Chaplain in the army. During the last year of the war Mr. Dodd was chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment, and was with the regiment in the trenches at the siege of Peterburg and at New Bern, N. C., at the time of the yellow fever, there.

A SPRING POEM SPRUNG.

The cow gambols over the green,
And the turnips sprout in the soil;
While out steps the buckwheat cake,
And in steps the red rosy soil.

The awnings are yawning above us,
The white washers bobbing in glee;
And the ladies are bobbing around
To see what new styles they can see.

April bills are just ready to blossom,
The corn-doctor hovers around;
While the merchant stirs up his trade,
And the farmer likewise the ground.

The bees are beginning to bumble,
The hawk-tree gives out a haw-haw;
The trade commences to brighten,
And the free-luncher getteth his slaw.

Soon will the hard-organ grind
"Gentle Annie" and "Grandfather's Clock,"
And the festive cal will yell on the fence—
Also auctioneers selling old stock.

But with all these joys there are sorrows,
And the worst we desire you to know it,
Is the budding of that incomprehensible thing
That is known as the gentle spring-poet.

A WOMAN'S SWEET REVENGE.

BY F. A. SLEATOR.

He had been gone some time, and Violet stood gazing out into the moonlight until the entrance of Aunt Rose behind her caused her to turn from the open window. Her aunt did not immediately speak to her, but busied herself about the window-fastenings and then adjusting the curtains in the proper folds. Violet did not leave the room, but stood beside the table, lowly humming a tune and idly fingering the leaves of a book. Presently Aunt Rose approached the table, and her hands toyed some time with the cards lying in the receiver before she at length opened her lips:

"Violet, has it gone as far as I dread?"
"What do you mean, Aunt Rose?"
asked Violet, as the color mounted to her cheeks.

"O, my child," said Aunt Rose, gravely, "think it well over before you give him your heart. I feel certain he has spoken to you; but, my dear, you have not been rash enough to—"

"No, Aunt Rose," interrupted Violet, "I told you I would not give him any encouragement until I had spoken with you."

"I can give you no better advice than I already have; but still I know if your heart is really attached to him, no power on earth can make the eyes of love see with wisdom's light."

"But you can say a little against him."
"True. And all that you can say for him is that he seems like a gentleman."

"Aunt Rose!" exclaimed Violet, quickly.
"You understand me too well, I hope, to be angry with me. But, really, my child, I dare not see you give yourself to a stranger, a man that you know nothing of except that he is good-looking, has good manners and appears to have some wealth."

"But what can I do? How would it do for me to ask him point blank if John Archer is his real name, and where he came from, and what he is worth?"

"He has asked you to be his wife?"
"Yes," with a deep blush.
"And you love him, Violet?"

"Yes, I truly love him," she said, after a slight pause.
"Then refer him to me. I surely can ask him a few questions without giving him umbrage. You will promise me not to let it go any further until I have seen him?"

"It shall go no further until you are satisfied, Aunt Rose. I promise you that."
Mrs. Campbell gently pressed a kiss upon her niece's cheek, and then turned to go.

"You have not been looking well lately, Violet. You will not read late to-night?"
"No, I shall follow you directly, Aunt Rose."

The young girl watched her companion until the last fold of her black silk disappeared at the top of the staircase, then she closed the parlor door, and throwing herself into an easy chair, leaned her head upon her hand, and gazed pensively into the glowing grate.

"Aunt Rose, dear Aunt Rose," she mused, lingering tenderly upon the name, "has been a mother to me. She is the only relative I have in the world, almost my only friend; surely she has my best interests at heart, and she must know best. She can talk with Mr. John. What a dear, common name it is, but it has the ring of truth in it, and my father's name was John. As I was saying, she can talk with John, and I am sure he will take it as she means it—how could he do otherwise? But as for doubting him," she said, rising and pushing back her chair, "I would as soon doubt—"

Violet stopped suddenly and listened, with her eyes fastened upon one of the window. The noise that had startled her was repeated; a light tap, tap, tap, upon a pane of glass. Violet stepped to one of the long shutterless windows and drew back the curtain of lace and damask. A woman's face was level with the lower pane.

"What do you want?" asked Violet in a loud voice, although a little tremulous. However, her fright, if frightened she had been, was over—it only a woman, and a poor one at that.

"Let me in," came back faintly.
Violet undid the fastening and pushed up the sash.

"What do you want at this time of night? Are you shelterless, or do you want something to eat?" stooping down and speaking in a tone of pity.

"No," returned the woman, looking down.
"Then why do you disturb us at this time of the night? It's almost 11."

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the strange creature, gazing up again with a look of determination, "but I must see you."

"Me?" ejaculated Violet. "But it is too late now; you must come to-morrow."

"No, I must see you to-night. I know it looks strange, ma'am, but it won't take long to tell you what I want."

"But—"
"O, miss!" said the poor creature, looking up imploringly, "don't put me off till to-morrow; I may go wild before that time. You needn't be afraid of me—I never harmed a—any thing that I remember. I'm only a poor, weak woman, and I must speak to you this very night. Please listen to me."

Violet considered a moment.
"Well, go up there on the porch; I will let you in at the other window."

In a short time the strange woman stood before Violet in the cozy little parlor. Her visitor was no tramp, that Violet saw at a glance. She was slight in figure, with a comely face, and dark brown hair; she had on a black bonnet with the veil thrown back, a black and white plaid shawl, and a neat black alpaca dress. She stood some moments with her eyes bent upon the carpet; at length Violet spoke:

"If you are cold, go to the fire."
"No, thank you, I am not cold; I was thinking how I should commence," replied the woman, as she brushed her gloved hand across her eyes.

There was another pause. Violet saw there was a struggle going on within the poor thing standing before her. Her heart was touched. She gently pushed a chair up to her visitor.

"Sit down," she whispered softly, "you will feel better so."
The poor girl—she was nothing more—sank down, and suddenly burst into a torrent of tears, and rocked her body wildly to and fro.

"O, miss," she cried, "you are so kind, and—and—I can't tell you. I can't; it will cut you to the heart." She jumped up wildly, but Violet put her back in her seat again.

"Take your time," said Violet, gently, taking a seat upon the sofa opposite.

"O, Miss Medring," cried the strange girl, impetuously flinging herself at Violet's feet. "I'm a stranger here, but I found out your name down at the town below. There's a man been coming to see you lately—John Archer is his name and I know he's in love with you, at any rate he likes your face or your money, perhaps one, or perhaps both. Forgive me for giving you a blow if you have learned to love him, but I must out with it. Please don't move yet, miss, but—"

"O, Miss Medring, in the sight of God above us, I am John Archer's wife!"
"Violet would have sprung to her feet before, but the woman held her down until she uttered her last words, then Violet leaped to her feet and shook off the hands that clung so tightly to her dress, as if the very touch of the creature was contamination."

"I do not believe a word of it," said Violet, the mad blood covering brow, cheek and neck—"you lie—most vilely!"
"Lie, miss!" half-whispered the poor outcast, as she arose from the floor; "lie! go ask my poor father, dying on the bed where my dishonor cast him, if he knows your John Archer! Go ask my mother—all the joys of the world have passed from her eyes forever, now—she knows John Archer! Go ask my young brother—you'll find him out in the mines, or among the Indians, somewhere out West—if he knows John Archer! And then look here, this is John Archer's child!"

She threw open her shawl, and held up a little babe.

Violet uttered one low cry, and then sank down into the seat the outcast had occupied, and covered her face with her hands. She did not weep, she did not even think; she covered there like one stunned; she could not tell how long, until a heavy fall and a baby's wail aroused her to her senses. She jumped up and looked around. The outcast lay prone upon her back beside the window she had entered, and the baby screamed and struggled in the mother's arms.

Violet with a cry of alarm, hastily picked up the child; it was unharmed. She closed the window, laid the baby upon the sofa, and then ran upstairs for Aunt Rose. Before Mrs. Campbell appeared upon the scene, however, Violet had placed the senseless form upon the sofa, and taking the child in her arms, and was trying to soothe it. The poor baby was placed in Mrs. Campbell's arms, and while Violet pulled off the bonnet and shawl of the wanderer, she told her aunt about her visitor and her story. After some little exertion upon the part of both ladies, the outcast once more opened her eyes. Violet then took up the child from the chair where it had fallen asleep, and Aunt Rose poured out a glass of wine and handed it to the sufferer. The woman took a few sips, and then, handed back the goblet, raised her eyes to the kind lady's face.

"Mrs. Campbell!" she suddenly exclaimed, supporting herself on her hands, and staring into Aunt Rose's eyes.

"Lucy King! can it be possible?" said Aunt Rose a sinking into the chair.

There was a long pause during which nothing could be heard but the low sobbing of the poor woman.

"Lucy, we owe you much for the information you have brought my niece to-night," said Aunt Rose, after a while. "You are the wife, then, of this man? Why was it that he deserted you?"

"No, no; I did not say his wife!" exclaimed the girl, quickly.

"Violet!" said Aunt Rose, questioningly, turning to her niece.

"I told Miss Medring I was his wife in the sight of God. O, I hate to tell what I really am. I was a young, ignorant girl, Mrs. Campbell, and he was a man of the world, with a smooth tongue and fair promises. As God is my judge I did not dream of wrong-doing. He lied to me; he deceived me most cruelly, and I must bear all the shame. O, Mrs. Campbell, if it were only me alone who had to suffer I would not care, but father—the

hale, strong man you knew—is fading away by inches: life is a desert to my mother, and brother Will left me with a curse. I tried to get Archer to do the right thing after I found in what a terrible situation he had placed me; but all my prayers, my threats, were of no use. I saw him last just before my child was born. That time he—"

"He did not strike you?" asked Violet, her eyes ablaze.

"Yes, he struck me," came back almost in a whisper.

"The brute!"
After things were settled again, continued Lucy, after a pause. "I determined to seek him once more and see if he would not do something for his child's sake. I tracked him here. They told me he was attentive to Miss Medring. I came here to-night to waylay him as he came out. I missed him in some way, but seeing you, Miss Violet, through the window, you looked so young and innocent, I thought it a pity to let one like him play with your heart, and I made bold to tap upon the pane."

"Violet," said Aunt Rose, "I know this girl, and I know her good father and mother; honest, Christian people, and I can vouch that she never learned to lie from them. I became acquainted with them years ago at my step-brother Henry's farm; they are his next-door neighbors."

"I do not doubt the truth of Lucy's story, Aunt Rose; it bears the impress of unmistakable truth," said Violet, composedly, as she arose and handed the baby to its mother; "this child's face is enough to convince me. It is the image of its father. You say this man is not aware of your presence here?"

"No, he does not dream that I would leave home."

"And you have told your story to no one here but us?"

"No, I did not let the slightest hint drop."

"You did well. To-morrow you must return to your home, but he must not guess that you have spoken to me; when I need you I will send for you. I will take your fight into my hands. You say you are his wife in the sight of God; I say, if woman's wit and woman's wit can accomplish aught, you shall be John Archer's wife in the sight of God and of man." Then she added fiercely to herself: "He deceived me, too, and I must have revenge, sweet revenge."

"But one thing I can't understand, Violet: why is it your aunt has taken such a dislike to me. What could I have done to offend her?"

"John, dear, it is because she no longer has all of my love to herself. I am like an only child, and she dislikes you because you have stolen my heart from her."

"But, darling, she ought to realize that she can not expect to keep you forever. Treasures like your own sweet self will sooner or later attract a discoverer; precious gems are not to be passed unnoticed."

"Particularly by needy adventurers like yourself."

"Violet!"
"Then you do love me for myself, and not merely for my wealth?"

"Darling, how can you doubt my love?"
"Aunt Rose tells me my wealth is my only attraction in your eyes. But I care not what it is you see in me to love, my heart is wholly yours. If you have defects, as other mortals have, I see them not; if you are deceiving me, I see no signs of it; love reveals to me nothing but love, and I do not care to see with other than love's eyes, though an abyss yawns before me."

"Dear Violet!"
A self-satisfied smile passed across his features as the young girl threw herself into his arms. Had Violet forgotten her revenge, or was this but part of her plan to accomplish it?

"Then your aunt will not give her consent to our marriage?" he asked, as they walked on through the moonlit woods.

"No. Her heart is set upon my marrying George Steele."

"The lawyer's son?"

"Yes."
"Humph!" he muttered, with a shrug, "what does she see so attractive in him?"
"What, indeed!" she murmured, moving closer to his side.

An hour afterward Violet Medring returned, shivering, out of the chill March air, to the house. After a short meditation in her own room, she sent for Jane, the housemaid.

"Jane," said she, when the girl had closed the door, "I can trust you."

"You have known me long enough. I hope, Miss Violet, to have found out that I am trustworthy," replied Jane, slightly hurt.

"Forgive me, Jane; I did not mean to hurt your feelings. I scarcely knew what I was saying. Jane, I want you to take the early train in the morning for Knowlston. When you get there inquire the way to Farmer King's place, and give this note to his daughter Lucy. She will return with you on the afternoon train. But, remember, do not get off there; leave the cars at the next station below. You can hire a carriage there and drive to within a short distance of home, and then be careful that no one sees you bring Miss King to the house. It will be dark then, you know, and you can easily come in the back way without any body being the wiser. You are both to come right up here to my room, and remain concealed here until I join you; I will tell more then. You understand, Jane, that no one is to know any thing about your movements. Remember, it is of vital importance to me that this is kept a secret."

"You can trust me, Miss Violet," said Jane, resolutely. "You have done me many a kindness, and I would do almost anything to be of service to you."

It was the second night after the above conversation. A slight snow had fallen that day, enough to cover the ground, Continued on seventh page.

St. Paul Business Directory.

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

Continued from sixth page.

and the spring wind blew strong and cold across the fields, bringing sheets of flakes with it now and then as it whistled along in its stronger blasts. A quarter of an hour had passed since the clock in the carriage house had counted out the strokes of 9. The man waiting at the end of the avenue turned his back to the wind, struck a match rather impatiently, and consulted his watch. An oath reached the end of his tongue, but its utterance was stopped as his eye caught sight of two dim figures hurrying down the road.

"I thought you would never come," he said, as he pushed the gate for them to pass out.

The taller of the two females did not reply as she took his proffered arm, but drew her thick veil more closely about her face.

They walked on for some time without speaking, the man and one woman in front, while the other woman kept close to their heels.

"I wish you had permitted me to bring a carriage, Violet. Is it very far?" asked the man presently.

"No," was the reply, in a whisper.

"It is almost the first house as you come into Green street," said the woman trudging on behind, "it ain't far now."

There was silence again.

"Here we are," said Jane—for she it was—after a while. "That is Johnson's, and here is the minister's house."

She held back the gate while the other two passed in.

"How you tremble, Violet," whispered Archer, as they went up the path. "Have no fear, dear, it will soon be over."

"You are late," said the minister, as he ushered them into his sunny little parlor. "You will just have time to catch the train," he added, as he looked at his watch; "however, these late trains are seldom on time. Wait, I will call my wife."

"No, there is no occasion," said Archer, quickly. "It will delay us still more. This witness, I suppose will be sufficient."

He mentioned to Jane, who was standing beside the table, where a lamp was burning dimly. The minister wiped his glasses, and without more ado took out his book, and glanced suggestively at the bridegroom.

Archer took the veiled lady's hand, and the ceremony commenced. Every thing went on smoothly until it came where the minister asked the all important question of the woman. The preacher's utterance was low all along, but as he came to that point Jane pushed a heavy book from the table, and in the confusion Archer failed to hear the bride's name mentioned, and in fact, the greater part of the question. The bride however, murmured a quick assent, so there was no necessity for the minister to repeat the formula. A few words more ended the ceremony, and they were pronounced man and wife. Archer placed a note in the preacher's hand, which threw that gentleman into a fit of pleasant abstraction, and putting the bride's arm within his, turned to go.

Jane accompanied the newly-married couple to the railroad station. The train was a little behind time, the agent said but it would be along shortly; so they went into the ladies' room to await its arrival. The room was heated to fever heat, as is the custom in railroad waiting rooms, and Archer threw up a window to restore the atmosphere to something like a bearable condition. No one was in the room except themselves, but the ticket agent, caged in his box in one corner like a wild beast, was within hearing distance.

"We have a long ride before us, dear," said Archer, tenderly, as he leaned over his wife's chair; "do you feel tired?"

"No," was the short and low reply.

"Why do you tremble so, darling?" he asked, bending over the shrinking form.

"You are not ill, I hope?"

"No."

There was a sharp whistle in the distance. The agent stuck his head out of the window in his cage, and screamed: "The train is coming though the cut."

"I have not had the husband's kiss yet."

His hand touched the heavy veil overhanging the bride's features. She made no move to prevent him from accomplishing his purpose. He uncovered the face, and bent down to touch the lips.

"Great God!" he suddenly exclaimed, starting back with an indescribable look. "Whose trick is this?"

"Miss Medring had something to do with it, sir," said Jane with a sneering smile, as she sidled up to the cowering woman's side.

The train came puffing up to the station.

Archer stared at the white face before him for one full moment; his skin had blanched to a sickly hue; and Jane, herself, trembled as she saw that dreadful scowl deepening upon his features. She feared what was coming, and she tried to draw poor Lucy—it was, indeed, his former toy that Archer had married that night—out of the reach of that furious anger. It was too late. With a terrible curse, he drove his great fist full into the face of the girl he had so deeply injured, and she sank, without a murmur, to his feet. There was a slam of a door, a whistle and a rumble, and he was gone. He fled, base coward that he was, from the creature he had stricken with a death-blow in his brutal passion.

This, then, was Violet Medring's sweet revenge!

Poor Lucy was carried back to Mrs. Campbell's. For weeks and weeks her life hung in the balance, but Violet's tender nursing wooed her at length back to a hateful existence. She never recovered her former health, however, and her mind was greatly shattered by that cruel stroke. She bore her burden patiently for a little over a year, and one evening as the sun was slowly sinking behind the blossoming orchard, at the old homestead,

she sank sweetly to rest in her tottering old mother's arms, breathing out, with her last sigh, a word of forgiveness for the man who had ruined her young life. They dug a grave beside that of her father's, who had died a few months before, and into it were lowered the remains of John Archer's deserted wife.

Violet ultimately married George Steele, the lawyer's son, and at the decease of old Mrs. King she brought up Lucy's boy with her own children. As to John Archer, how he lived and how he died, was never known.

Two Seals Try to Save Their Keeper.

A singular and deplorable event has just taken place, which shows once more what one may expect from the intelligence of certain animals.

Everybody knows the pond in the Garden of Acclimation, in Paris, where the seals frolic, and the little rock, from the top of which the keeper Alexander comes at meal-time to give the animals their food.

The seals which the sight of Alexander made happy, climb sometimes the rock, and were in the habit of coming to get their food out of the hands of the keeper himself. While Alexander was feeding these amphibians, a wedding party arrived. Alexander wished to be gallant toward the bride, and made the two seals climb the rock. There he took a live fish and held it in such a way that the seals in order to catch it were obliged to stand up and make a jump for it. This sight made all the visitors burst into a hearty laugh, and the whole wedding-party were delighted. All of a sudden, one of the animals, tired, no doubt, stood up and then fell heavily on the keeper. The latter tripped, lost his balance and fell so unluckily that he split his skull on the edge of the pond and disappeared immediately under water. Then nothing was more curious to see the bewilderment and maneuvers of the seals. These animals began to dive several times, and then together they put the body of Alexander on their backs, brought him to the surface and pushed him on the shore, making plaintive cries, as if calling for help. Unfortunately help was not needed. The poor keeper of seals was killed on the spot.

A Strange Story.

That truth is stranger than fiction the Duquesne (La.) Times demonstrates in its local columns. A wealthy couple had lived together in perfect peace for forty-one years. While sitting in the parlor one evening not long ago, the husband surprised his wife by saying, "I am going to tell you a secret you have never heard before." There was a brief pause as the lady and a near relative who chanced to be present awaited the disclosure, and the husband continued: "Yes, you will be surprised to hear that I had another before I married you." Startled and aghast the wife clasped her hands in suspense, and asked, "Am I not then your lawful wife?" "You are my loved and lawful wife," was the prompt reply; "my first wife died four years before I came to Duquesne and met you." Then he related how he had married his first wife and been summoned to his home to find her dead in child-birth. Then he went West and settled in Duquesne, where the second romance of his life came about. Six years ago he received a letter from the woman who had nursed his first wife. She wrote that she was upon her deathbed, and could not rest until she had confessed her share in a base crime. The wife had died but the son had survived, and through a large bribe offered by the dead woman's father, the nurse's lips had been sealed and the husband told that the child had died with its mother. This man, the father-in-law, was wealthy, but his daughter's death left him without an heir, and he took this means of supplying what fate had denied. With her last breath the nurse informed her employer that she had divulged the truth to the gentleman in Duquesne, and immediately upon her death the father-in-law went West and offered a large bribe. This was refused, but the secret was kept. The son was a millionaire in the city of P., and his father was anxious to see him. The second wife was thus told the secret for the first time, and asked to go East to pay the first wife's son a visit. When the story was told the wife announced in low tones: "Since you kept it from me so long I would rather you had never repeated it." The excitement caused by the recital proved fatal. In two days the lady was dead.

A Charming Legend.

There is a Rabinical story, says the Philadelphia Progress, which tells the value in which pearls were held in the early ages, only one object in nature being thought to be placed above them: On approaching Egypt, Abraham looked Sarah in a chest, that none might behold her dangerous beauty. But when he was come to the place of paying customs the collector said, "Pay us the custom," and he said, "I will pay the custom." They said to him, "Thou carriest clothes," and he said, "I will pay for clothes." Then they said to him, "Thou carriest gold," and he answered them, "I will pay for my gold." On this the father said to him, "Surely thou bearest the finest silk," he replied, "I will pay custom for the finest silk." Then they said, "Surely it must be pearls that thou takest with thee," and he only answered, "I will pay for pearls." Seeing that they could name nothing of value for which the patriarch was not willing to pay custom, they said, "It cannot be, but open thou the box and let us see what is within." So they opened the box, and "the whole land of Egypt was illumined

by the luster of Sarah's beauty—far exceeding even that of pearls."

A Portuguese Heroine.

A correspondent at Lisbon vouches for the truth of the following narrative, which he translates from the Diaria de Noticias: At the distance of one kilometre from the village of Fratel, near Niza (i. e. on the frontier of Spain and Portugal, near the town of Portalegre), Theresa Maria, who was carrying her husband's dinner to him in the fields, was told by a little shepherd boy that a wolf was prowling about the place. Wishing to see one for the first time in her life, she put down her basket and climbed up to a high place to which the boy directed her. There she saw the animal in the act of devouring a lamb. The shepherd boy began shouting and throwing stones, to see whether it would let go its prey; and the wolf in its fury then attacked the poor little fellow, jumping up at his face, tearing the flesh from his jaws, and throwing him upon the ground. The woman seeing the boy's imminent danger, in an impulse of heroic self devotion, ran on the wolf wholly unarmed, seized tight hold of him, and then, after a struggle, contrived to blind him with a stone, and eventually killed him. Meanwhile the boy whom she had rescued ran, wounded as he was, to seek help in the village. While several villagers were coming up, armed with guns, stones and sticks, to kill the beast and save the woman from its fangs, she was returning to the village covered with blood, and with her arms, hands and face terribly wounded. She said that at times she was on the point of being overcome, but contrived to keep the animal's throat in the close hold of her left arm, while hitting him hard on the head with a stone which she was able to pick up. She was taken to the Niza hospital. It is with regret that all will read what I have now unfortunately to add, that exactly a month afterwards the poor creature died there of her wounds. She has left eight children, six of whom are very young, and a distracted husband to mourn her loss; but she found comfort in her last sufferings and under the pain of such a parting from the recollections that she had given her life for another. The English and Portuguese have sent some £22 as a small consolation to a poor and industrious family, who have to mourn a noble heart taken from them.

In a postscript written two days later the correspondent says: "I am sorry indeed to have to add the narrative that the little shepherd-boy, for whom the brave woman sacrificed her life, is dead also. She was allowed to console her dying hours with the belief that she had perished in saving a life. But it was not to be so. The poor child died in the terrible sufferings of hydrophobia. Besides the subscription raised on behalf of the bereaved husband and the orphans, another has been very properly started to erect a monument at Niza, so that such a deed may not be forgotten."

Time Enough to Beller.

One day Billy, that's my brother, he and Sammy Dobby was playin' by a mud-hole, and Billy he said:

"Now, Sammy, les play we was a bairn-yard; you be the pig, and lie down and woller, and I'll be a bull, and beller like every thing."

So they got down on their hands and knees, and Sammy he went in the dirt and woller, while Billy bellered like distant thunder. Bimeby Sammy he cum out muddy—you never see such a muddy little fellow—and he said:

"Now you'll be the pig, and let me beller."

But Billy he said:

"I ain't a very good pig except for dinner, and little be time 'nuff for you to beller when yer mother sees yer close."

The newest dining-tables are square, the round extension table being unfashionable. The new style is more appropriate for a "quare meal."

FARMING IMPLEMENTS.
A Car Load of the Famous
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It is the best in the world. Consult Headquarters before buying your PLOWS and RAKES.
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LARGEST STOCKS OF HARDWARE
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ALL WORK WARRANTED. PRICES REASONABLE. Cor. 3d & Meigs Sts., Bismarck, D. T.

MINNE-HA-HA SAMPLE ROOM,
Next Door to McLean & Macnider's, Bismarck, D. T.
The Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars in Market.
Bottled Milwaukee Lager a Specialty.
C. R. WILLIAMS, Prop.
A FULL LINE OF BOTTLED AND SMOKERS' GOODS. Nov18n26.

M. P. SLATTERY,
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in
Groceries, Crockery, Flour, AND FEED,
Corner 3d and Meigs Sts., **BISMARCK, D. T.**

BY C. A. LOUNSBERRY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 WEEKLY, One Year, \$2.50
 Six Months, 1.50
 Three Months, .75

ADVERTISING RATES:
 Transient Display, One inch, one time \$1;
 subsequent insertions, 50 cents; additional lines,
 nonpareil, at same rate.
 Local Notices.—Seventy-five cents per folio for
 first insertion and fifty cents per folio for each
 subsequent insertion.
 Contract Rates.—One inch, three months, \$5;
 2 1/2 inches, three months, \$10; 5 inches, \$15; 10
 inches, \$25; 20 inches, \$50.
 Professional cards, four lines or less, per an-
 num, \$10; additional lines, \$2.50.
 Local business notices, 10 cents per line each
 insertion.
 Original poetry, \$1 per line.
 All bills for advertising will be collected
 monthly.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

MASONIC.

The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge
 No. 120, A. F. & A. M. are held in their hall on
 the first and third Mondays of each month at 7
 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially in-
 vited. T. M. CARRAHAN, N. G.
 LEMER N. COREY, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12
 I. O. O. F. are held in Masonic Hall every Tues-
 day. Brothers in good standing are cordially in-
 vited. T. M. CARRAHAN, N. G.
 LOUIS NECHLER, R. Sec.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. J. G. Miller, B.
 D. D., Pastor. Services at the brick school house
 every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday
 school after morning service. All are cordially
 invited to attend.

METHODIST CHURCH—Services every Sun-
 day at the City Hall at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
 Sunday school immediately after the morning
 service. Prayer meeting every Thursday even-
 ing at 7:30 p. m. Geo. W. BARNETT,
 Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Corner of Thayer
 and Second Sts., Rev. S. G. Dodd, Pastor. Sub-
 scription at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday
 school at the close of the morning service. Prayer
 meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Seats free.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the Northern Pacific mail arrives daily. Mon-
 days excepted at 4:45 p. m. Leave daily, except
 Sundays at 7:30 a. m.

Letters for Fort Stevenson, Berthold and Bu-
 reau de la Poudre, over posts every Sunday,
 Wednesday and Friday, arriving every Monday,
 Wednesday and Friday.

Letters for Fort Rice and Standing Rock every
 Sunday, Wednesday and Friday; returning, arrive
 every Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

Letters for Deadwood and other points in the
 Black Hills daily at 8 p. m.
 Registered Mails for all Points Close at 5 P. M.
 Office open from 7 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. On Sun-
 days from 7:30 a. m. and 4 to 7 p. m.

The Post Office is now supplied with the ten
 cent refunding certificates; the safest and best
 investment known for small savings.

BISMARCK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.

The Grand Forks Herald is a beauty.
 Winship evidently understands the news-
 paper business.

Elk Point Courier: The Press & Da-
 cotian has discovered that "the devil is
 an ingenious cuss." Probably the old fel-
 low got ahead of the boys in something
 they intended to do.

Smugglers, illicit distillers and crimi-
 nals of every sort can now pitch in and
 do their worst. As there is no pay for
 marshals there is, of course, no one to mol-
 lest or make them afraid.

UNDER the head of "no barb wire in his"
 an exchange says, "David Davis is having
 constructed a fence to sit on which is be-
 lieved to be the most substantial structure
 ever erected. The rails are made of nine
 inch boiler iron and the posts granite."

The Vermillion Republican advises farmers to
 try a bean crop. From three to five pecks to the
 acre will be required. The crop is a profitable
 one and now is the time to plant.—Canton News.

Don't do it. A Minnesota man tried it
 and after sinking one hundred thousand
 dollars found himself scarcely able to
 raise sufficient wind to carry him out of
 the country.

INSTEAD of shooting paragraphs for
 Bismarck's great family journal on the
 Fourth the TRIBUNE's Mandan corres-
 pondent must have been shooting Bis-
 marck's gobbled cannon. It is a comfort
 to know that he was heard from even if
 his paragraphs were too loud for repro-
 duction in the TRIBUNE.

THE Democrats in the closing hours of
 Congress gave the country several spec-
 imens of Democratic economy. They voted
 extra pay to clerks, put people on the
 rolls and paid them who, it was not pre-
 tended, had been employed only in doing
 dirty work for Democratic members, and
 showed in many ways a hankering for the
 contents of the public crib.

"Rumor doth double like the voice and
 echo." A very good illustration will be
 found in the special dispatches from Bis-
 marck in the St. Paul Dispatch in relation
 to Monday's storm. The lines were oc-
 cupied by government business and no
 special could be had, so the left handed
 news gatherer of the Dispatch made his
 specials to fit the rumors he had gathered.

So much has been said about radical
 corruption that the following figures used
 by Senator Windom, in his speech in the
 Senate on the 35th, make interesting read-
 ing: "Statement of the percentage of
 losses upon every \$1,000 disbursed during
 different administrations—Jackson, \$10.
 50; Van Buren, \$31.55; Harrison, \$10.87;
 Polk, \$2.34; Taylor and Fillmore, \$7.44;
 Pierce \$5.36; Buchanan, \$6.98; Lincoln,

\$1.41; Johnson, \$3.04; Grant, first term,
 \$0.40; second term, \$0.26.

MAJOR Wm. A. Hotchkiss, of the Mower
 County, Minn., Transcript, has purchased
 several sections of land in Turner County,
 Dakota, where he will open a stock farm.
 Sherman Page, whose name sometimes
 appears in the St. Paul papers, has pur-
 chased a large tract on the North Pacific.
 J. S. Irgens, Secretary of State, Minn., is
 opening a large farm in Barnes County.

GLORIOUS old Zack Chandler not only
 gave the brigadiers in Congress some ef-
 fective parting shots but immediately after
 the adjournment stepped to the front with
 an offer to place one-sixth of six hundred
 thousand dollars needed for U. S. Mar-
 shals, withheld by Congress, to the credit
 of the government. Chandler is, the
 noblest old Roman of them all, and will
 worry the confederates in the exciting
 times that the December session of Con-
 gress is sure to usher in as he worried
 them in 1861 and the years following.

THE only Democrat who receives the
 unqualified praise of the Republican press is
 Senator Bayard of Delaware. It may also be re-
 marked that Senator Bayard is the only Demo-
 crat who has endeavored to defeat the purposes
 of his party—St. Paul Globe.

Senator Bayard is more of a
 statesman than a Democrat and therefore
 cares more for his country than his party.
 If the Democratic party in convention as-
 sembled could be expected to exercise as
 much discretion as would be likely to crop
 out in a ward caucus, they'd make him
 their candidate for President.

THE Louisville Courier Journal, calls
 it a square back down, Beck, however,
 is a lost ditcher and insists that the elec-
 tion laws must be repealed. He says if
 there is any cheating next time the Demo-
 crats intend to profit by it; that Hayes is
 President through Republican chican-
 ery, etc.

The Canton News is immensely im-
 proved in make up, matter and general
 appearance. Will H. Clark, late of the
 Sioux City Journal, has accepted an edi-
 torial position upon it.

"WHAT an ornament Zachariah
 Chandler would be to a zoological gar-
 den," ejaculated the Boston Post. "Isn't
 he ornamenting one now?" retorted the
 Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE FIFTH VETO.

The President has vetoed the U. S. mar-
 shals' bill and congress has adjourned
 without making provision for this impor-
 tant branch of the service. No extra ses-
 sion will be called but the Democrats and
 Republicans alike will be left to suffer the
 consequences. He calls attention to the
 points made in his former messages and
 concludes as follows:

The criminal jurisdiction of the courts
 of the United States is very extensive.
 Crimes committed within the maritime
 jurisdiction of the United States are cog-
 nizable only in courts of the United
 States. Crimes against public justice;
 crimes against the operations of the gov-
 ernment, such as forging or counterfeit-
 ing money or securities of the United
 States; crimes against the postal laws; of-
 fences against the elective franchise,
 against the civil rights of citizens, against
 the existence of the government; crimes
 against the internal revenue laws, and cus-
 toms laws; crimes against the laws for the
 protection of Indians and public lands—
 all of these crimes, and many others can
 be punished only under United States
 laws—laws which, taken together, consti-
 tute the body of jurisprudence, which is
 vital to the welfare of the whole country,
 and which can be enforced only by means
 of marshals and deputy marshals of the
 United States. In the District of Colum-
 bia all of the processes of the courts are
 executed by the officers in question. In
 short, the execution of the criminal laws
 of the United States service, of all civil
 process in cases in which the United
 States is a party, and the execution of the
 revenue laws, and many other laws of
 large importance, depend on the main-
 tenance of the marshals and their
 deputies. They are, in effect, only
 police of the U. S. Government.
 Officers with corresponding powers and
 duties are found in every state in the
 union, and in every country which has
 jurisprudence which is worthy of the
 name. To deprive the national govern-
 ment of these officers would be as disas-
 trous to society as to abolish sheriffs, con-
 stables and police officers. In several
 states it would be the denial to the United
 States of the right to execute its laws—
 the denial of all authority which re-
 quires the use of the civil force. The law
 entitles these officers to be paid. The
 funds needed for the purpose have been
 collected from the people, and are now in
 the treasury. No objection is, therefore,
 made to that part of the bill before me
 which appropriates money for the sup-
 port of marshals and deputy marshals of
 the United States. The bill contains,
 however, other provisions which
 are identical in tenor and effect
 with the section of the bill entitled "An
 act making appropriations for certain ju-
 dicial expenses," which on the 28th of
 the present month was returned to the
 house of representatives with my objections
 to its approval. The provisions referred to
 are as follows:

"Section 2d.—That the sums appropriat-
 ed in this act for the persons and public
 service embraced in its provisions are in
 full for such persons and public service
 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880;
 and no department and officer of the gov-
 ernment shall, during said fiscal year,
 make any contract or incur any liability
 for the future payment of money under

any of the provisions of title 26, men-
 tioned in the section of this act, until an ap-
 propriation sufficient to meet such con-
 tract or pay such liability shall have first
 been made by law."

Upon recommendation in the house of
 representatives of the bill which contain-
 ed these provisions, it failed the constitu-
 tional majority, and therefore failed to
 become law. In order to secure the en-
 actment of the same measure, it is again
 presented for my approval, coupled in the
 bill before me with appropriations for the
 support of marshals and their deputies
 during the next fiscal year.

The object manifestly is to place
 before the executive this alternative,
 either to allow the necessary functions of
 the public service to be crippled or sus-
 pended for want of the appropriations re-
 quired to keep them in operation, or to
 approve legislation which, in official com-
 munications to congress, he has declared
 would be in violation of his constitu-
 tional duty. Thus in this bill the principle
 is clearly embodied that by virtue of the
 provision of the constitution which re-
 quire that all the bills for raising the re-
 venue should originate in the house of rep-
 resentatives, a bare majority of the house
 of representatives has the right to hold an
 appropriation for the support of the gov-
 ernment unless the executive consents to
 approve any legislation which may be at-
 tached to appropriation bills.

That Marine Hospital.

To the Editor of the Bismarck Tribune.

Bismarck is supposed to have a Marine
 Hospital, and for its support the regular
 monthly charges are withheld from the
 wages of the roustabouts and seamen upon
 all of the boats running here. The col-
 lector of customs resides in our city, but
 the hospital is located at Fort Lincoln,
 and frequently when the patient is con-
 valescent, though still unable to labor,
 he is turned out by the surgeon who
 insists that he must have the room in the
 hospital, and that the collector should
 provide subsistence in such cases, and the
 result is the poor roustabout is turned in-
 to the street, and the only attention is be-
 ggary or starvation, as they are not resi-
 dents of Burleigh county. There seems
 to be a screw loose somewhere, and it
 ought to be looked into; the poor fellows
 should have their rights. B.

Exploration of the Assinaboine.

[Grand Forks Plaindealer.]
 We understand that Capt. Alex. Griggs
 has been appointed to take the steamer
 Alpha and explore the Assinaboine River
 to the highest navigable point.

RIVER NEWS.

ARRIVALS.

Butte, Fort Keogh.
 Helena, Fort Keogh.
 Rosebud, Fort Custer.
 Montana, Fort Benton.
 Far West.
 Benton.
 Black Hills, Terry's Landing.

DEPARTURES.

Butte, Yankton.
 Carrier.
 Helena, Fort Benton.
 McLeod.
 Eclipse.
 Big Horn, Terry's Landing.
 Rosebud, Fort Peck.
 Decatur, Fort Benton.
 Black Hills, Yankton.

The Far West is due to-day.

The Benton arrived to-day and goes through to
 Yankton.

The Helena left for Fort Benton on Monday at
 6 p. m.

The Peck line pay out \$15,000 monthly in
 Sioux City.

The Western is loading at Yankton for points
 above Bismarck.

The Helena passed Buford on her way to Ben-
 ton, July 10th after the arrival of the train.

The Red Cloud leaves for Fort Benton Thurs-
 day, July 10th after the arrival of the train.

The big steamer Carrier got off on Monday.
 She had a good trip of passengers and freight.

The McLeod after getting her chimneys up
 again left for Benton crowded with freight and
 passengers.

The Eclipse abandoned her Fourth of July ex-
 cursion to Standing Rock and started for Benton
 with a load of freight.

Steamer Butte from Keogh, arrived on Sunday
 night and departed the next morning for Yan-
 kton, at which point she will load with grain for
 the Yellowstone.

The Black Hills arrived from Terry's Landing
 on Wednesday and after putting on a lot of hides,
 etc., left for Yankton, taking thirty tons of
 freight for Standing Rock.

The Big Horn departed for Terry's Landing
 last Saturday with 240 tons of freight and her
 cabin full of passengers. She is reported by tel-
 egraph at Fort Keogh to-day.

The Eclipse pulled up to the wharf on Wednes-
 day and took on a big load of government and
 private freight, and departed this morning at
 daylight with a good trip of passengers.

A Mackinaw arrived at Sioux City last Sat-
 urday from Froze To-Death Bottom on the Yellow-
 stone, one hundred and sixty miles above Keogh.
 She was loaded with dried antelope and buffalo.

The Decatur cleared for Benton on Wednesday
 with 150 passengers and 500 tons freight. She
 will repeat her slight damages, incurred by the
 storm, while under way. She is making fast
 time and will arrive at Benton on the 13th.

The Rosebud arrived from Fort Custer on
 Tuesday morning and immediately took on a
 load and returned to Fort Peck. Capt. Nick
 Eason went out in command of the Rosebud
 and Capt. Joe Todd remained to attend the clear-
 ing up of the wreck of the Montana. Capt. Todd
 will take the Montana to St. Louis and will su-
 perintend her repairing.

WEEKLY WEATHER REPORT.

BISMARCK, D. T., July 5, 1879.

	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.
Barometer.	30.133	29.663	29.900
Thermometer.	83	50	66.7
Humidity, (Rel.)	94	29	65.5
Wind's hourly velocity.	50	0	
Winds, prevalent direction.	S. E.		
Winds, total movement.	1307 miles.		
Rainfall 1.01			
Unlaid Halo, 0.			
Solar Halo, 1.			

MONTHLY WEATHER REPORT FOR JUNE, 1879.

	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.
Barometer.	30.467	29.577	29.903
Thermometer.	91	56	65.1
Monthly range of Barometer.	0.890		
" " " " " " " "	Temperature, 35		
Greatest daily range of Temperature.	34		
Least	6		
Mean of daily maxima.	75.2		
" " " " " " " "	minimum, 53.3		
" " " " " " " "	range of temp, 21.9		
" " " " " " " "	Relative Humidity, 57.9		
Total Rainfall.	4.97		
Prevailing Wind.	SE		
Maximum	50 SW		
Total number of miles of wind.	7,437		
Number of clear days.	8		
" " " " " " " "	fair	17	
" " " " " " " "	of cloudy days on which rain fell, 1		
" " " " " " " "	no rain fell, 4		
" " " " " " " "	rain fell, 12		

Note: Barometer corrected for temperature and
 elevation.
 C. CRAMER,
 U. S. Signal Corps U. S. A.
 Office, U. S. M. L. Station.

W. B. WATSON,

BISMARCK, - DAKOTA,

Dealer In Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

The Largest and Best Stock in the City and prices that defy com-
 petition.

Buying for Cash he Sells for Cash.

DRESS GOODS

of all kinds, SILKS of all shades and colors. Elegant assortment of

Ladies' Ties, Cuffs, Collars and Underwear.

Ladies' Zephyr Shawls, and Sacks; Laces, Hamburg Edgings and
 Insertions; Hosiery, Etc., in endless variety; White Goods of every
 sort

Prints of Every Variety.

Bring in your Samples and Compare Prices furnished by Eastern
 Houses.

MAY 31-91

Letter List.
 List of letters remaining unclaimed for in the
 Bismarck Post Office, for the week ending, Sat-
 urday, July 5, 1879:

Anderson L E	O'Reilly Garret
Bengelson N A	O'Rourke Jerry
Bradford Richard	Owens Owen
Clark Allan	Owens Wm
Cooley D W	Peckham C E
Chambers Chas D	Peterson Emil
Cassett Frank A	Partridge Geo H
Cordell T F	Phelps Julian
Clark Mrs Mary 2	Parks J B
Cole S Truman	Powers James
Cavan Bill	Peritzene J. emiah
Davis Jerry	Pollard Samuel
Dunn Lawrence	Rose Angelina
Deyoe S L	Reynolds Mrs
Eckard Miss Emma	Rider Henry
Eaves Wm	Randolph Henry
Ferguson John	Roach Patrick
Fowler Wm	Robertson Spencer 3
Fields Wm H	Reno Robert E
Gohuson John N	Robinson Richard
Gleason J E	Righton Russell
Gibbons Thomas	Kidley Victor
Hamilton C	Rankin Wm H
Hutchinson A C	Stallion C
Hoerner Geo F 2	Schwab Andray
Hahn Henry	Spellicy Andrew
Hall Ed S	Sinnard B
Heggens Mrs J F	Spingarn B L
Heberling Jacob	Scott D K
Howard Thomas 2	Spencer Edward
Iverson Lewis	Stall Geo R
Jackson Miss H	Strenaghe Henry
Johnson John	Stein Ernest
Johnson Wm V	Sweeney John M
Kinney Amos	Slattery J L
Kelly John A	Smithey Jack
Kirk Sam	Spangler Otis R
Larson Johan	Sharp Nellie J
Livemore L S	Stearns Ole C
Mackinaw M G	Stowell Parmanley
Mackwill Mr	Shaw R H
McGillis James	Shewin R K
Mathews James	Starr W W
McDonald J B	Tesonde Joseph
Mason Thomas	Thain James
McKinis R D	Taylor Thomas
Moore Thomas	Walker H P
McGrath Thos	Watkins Aary
Morris Wm	Whalen James 2
Maxfield Wm H	Westerman Joe W
McAdams Wm	Wood Joseph
Messersbrink Wilsulin	Warren Mrs Kittie
McCarty Wm G	Weidman P H
McCinstunen W A	Williams Ward S 2

If the above letters are not called for in Thirty
 days they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office,
 at Washington. Persons calling for any of the
 above will please say "Advertised Letters," and
 give date of list. C. A. LOUNSBERRY, P. M.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Wm.
 Harmon & Co., Fort A. Lincoln, D. T., and A. R.
 Nimmer & Co., Miles City, M. T., have been
 dissolved by mutual consent. A. R. Nimmer
 having withdrawn from the firm of Wm. Harmon
 & Co., and Wm. Harmon having withdrawn
 from the firm of A. R. Nimmer & Co. All ac-
 counts due the late firms remaining unsettled
 August 1, 1879, will be placed in the hands of an
 attorney for collection.
 April 29, 1879.

WM. HARMON,
 A. R. NIMMER.

Front Office For Rent.

Inquire of Asa Fisher. 46

Window Screens.

Door and window screens of our new wire
 cloth made to order. Sure stop to mosquitoes.
 36 C. S. WEAVER & Co.



ROYAL
 FULL WEIGHT
 ROYAL BAKING POWDER
 ABSOLUTELY PURE
BAKING POWDER

Absolutely pure—made from Grape Cream of
 Tartar, imported exclusively for this Powder from
 the wine district of France. Always uniform
 and wholesome. Sold only in cans by grocers.
 A pound can mailed to any address, postage paid
 on receipt of 60 cents. ROYAL BAKING POW-
 DER CO., 171 Duane St., New York. Most cheap
 powders contain alum; dangerous to health;
 avoid them, especially when offered loose or in
 bulk.

N. B. HARWOOD & CO.,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,

DRY GOODS

AND

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH

THE AMUSEMENTS EXTENDED TO BISMARCK PATRIOTS.

Mandan Steals Bismarck's Cannon and Celebrates—Emmons to be Court Martialed—

The Ball.

The glorious old Fourth has come and gone. The small boy has expended his seven-cent which he had saved for powder, and the patriot has yelled himself hoarse at the sight of the old flag. The day was ushered in with genuine patriotism. Old rusty shot guns were brought down from the garrets, and filled with shot, paper and sand, belched forth their hearty appeals as early as 2 a. m. Several parties became so enthusiastic that the town couldn't hold them, whereupon the "sweet-box" was brought in to requisition. The horrors held high carnival, and base-ball, horse racing, golf, ball shooting, two theatres and a ball filled the day's programme. Raymond's private fireworks in the evening filled the sky for a few moments with all colors of the rainbow. Thus passed away the 193d anniversary of the nation's holiday.

IN BISMARCK the cannon's boom was omitted, Mandan having gobbled that patriotic piece of furniture. Capt. Emmons held responsible for the loss of the gun. He slept at his post and the enemy stole upon him and triumphantly carried away his sacred trust. That cannon boomed all day at Mandan and Mandan was happy. A court martial of Capt. Emmons is demanded and a court has been ordered by the boys with Maj. Wm. Woods, president; Major Dickey, judge advocate, and Ed Ware, Lee Whalen, Sol Sundeland, J. W. Plummer, Geo. Elder and Wm. Davenport, as members of the court. The penalty of conviction will be ten pounds of powder for the next Fourth and the recapture of the gun. In justice to Capt. Emmons it should be stated that in consequence of the failure of the appropriations his command was disbanded and he claims he should not be held responsible for the loss of their gun. The appropriations for last year were exhausted and no more deficiency bills will be passed.

THE BALL given by the Bismarck Fire Co., at Raymond's Hall was a great success. The hall was neatly decorated with evergreens and flags. The attendance was large, the arrangements complete and the whole affair a big credit mark to the energy and forethought of the managers. The supper, at the Merchants Hotel, was excellent.

THE OPERA HOUSE. At Whitney's the great Drama, "Lady Audley's Secret," was given to a large audience. The Reno combination and the regular Opera House troupe make one of the strongest companies in the West. Mrs. Wallace Britton, last evening, as *Lady Audley*, proved herself to be an actress of much more than ordinary ability, and the people of Bismarck should remember that they can see one of the leading dramas of the day every night at this theatre.

THE SAWTELLE THEATRE. Sawtelle, after visiting the pleasant suburb, Fargo, returned to this city Thursday on his way home to Helena. By request, however, he was induced to give two more entertainments in this city. Champion Hall, a well ventilated room, was secured, and "Our Boys" announced on the boards. Mr. Sawtelle, as the *Patented Battered Merchant*, acted his part admirably, and his support was all that could be wished. For this character Mr. Sawtelle has but one or two rivals in the United States. To-night the company were to play "The Two Orphans" but the Str. Montana arriving Mr. Sawtelle made up his mind to go to Standing Rock. He will return to this city next week.

BASE BALL. The Bismarck Blue Stockings received their second defeat yesterday at the hands of the Fort Lincoln Actives to the tune of 22 to 16. The game throughout was characterized with good playing, despite the fact that some of the home nine had not played ball before for two years. A little practice and Uncle Sam's nine will be left in the shade by the Blues, who showed a clear understanding of the game but a painful lack of practice. During the afternoon several horse races were in progress near the base ball grounds, the obliging umpire calling time at each race to allow the boys to bet on the favorites.

AT MANDAN. The programme of the day consisted of the reading of the Declaration of Independence by M. J. Edgerly, and an oration by P. O. Chisholm, Esq.; dancing, pony race, two foot races, a horse race, boat races, wheelbarrow and sack races. It was Mandan's first Fourth and she celebrated it with all her might and enthusiasm. The cannon's boom and the dancing were kept up all day. The pleasure boats were in active operation.

At Fort Yates there was a formal remembrance of the Fourth. Beginning at ten o'clock, there was a rifle match between selected teams, with Gen. W. P. Carlin as referee. At noon a national salute was fired. During the afternoon there was a base ball match, officers vs. enlisted men; also a foot race, sack race, wheelbarrow race, slow mule race, pony and horse races. At 9 o'clock there was a "grand display" of fire-works, with music by the Seventeenth band.

Chris Hehli,
KING OF BARBERS,
MILES CITY, MONTANA.

A First-Class shaving hall where none but the most competent workmen are employed.
Hot and Cold Bath.

STEAMBOAT COLUMN.

BENTON LINE.

Gen'l Office, 193 S. Water-st. Chicago.
T. C. POWER, Gen. Manager.
JOS. McGARRY, Supt.
J. C. BARR, General Agent.

BENTON HELENA and BUTTE.
One of this Line of Steamers leaves BISMARCK for FORT BENTON on the 9th and 24th of each month. Passengers from the East buying tickets over the Benton Line can save time by making sure connections on above dates.

THE FAST AND ELEGANT STEAMER BUTTE

A. M. JOHNSON, Master.
JAMES KEENAN, Clerk.

Leaves for Ft. Benton Friday July 11th.

For freight or passage apply on board or to
J. C. BARR,
Gen'l Agent, Sheridan House.

1879. OLD RELIABLE 1879.

Coulson Line

S. B. COULSON, Gen'l Manager.
D. W. MARATTA, Gen'l Supt.

Plying between Bismarck and Fort Benton, and all points on the Yellowstone. The only line carrying the U. S. Government Freight.

Comprising the following first class steamers, built expressly for the Missouri river and in charge of careful and experienced officers.

MONTEANA.	Buesen, Master.
ROSE BUD.	Todd,
BIG HORN.	Gould,
BACOTAH.	Todd,
KEY WEST.	Maratta,
JOSEPHINE.	Anderson,
FAK WEST.	Coulson,
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BLACK HILLS.	Burleigh,

Connecting at Bismarck with trains for St. Paul and the East, and with the Northwestern Stage Company's coaches for all points in the Black Hills.

Leaves on Tuesday, July 8th, for Fort Benton, Steamer

FAR WEST.

Leaves Tuesday, July 8th, for Fort Custer and all way points, Steamer

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For information, rates, etc., apply on board steamer.
D. W. MARATTA,
General Superintendent.

BAKER LINE

FOR FORT BENTON.

The Fast and Elegant Passenger Steamer

RED CLOUD,

JNO. A. WILLIAMS, Master.
L. L. HINE, Clerk.

Leaves Bismarck for Fort Benton,

TUESDAY, JULY 10.

On arrival of Train.

For Freight or Passage apply on board or to
JAS. S. CARTER,
Agent, Bismarck, Dakota.

The Northwest Transportation Co.

For Fort Buford, the Yellowstone River, Glendive, Fort Keogh, Miles City and intermediate points, the Light Draft Passenger Steamer

NELLIE PECK

Wm. Sims, Master. Wm. Gellein, Clerk.

Will leave for the above places on

Sunday Evening, July 6, 1879.

Also the Light Draft Steamer

C. K. PECK,

W. R. Massie, Master. J. E. Hannack, Clerk.

Will leave for Fort Benton on

TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1879.

For freight or passage apply to
JAS. A. EMMONS,
Agent.

YELLOWSTONE LINE.

JOS. LEIGHTON, Gen'l Manager, St. Paul.

The Champion Light Draft Steamer

BATCHELOR,

GRANT MARSH, Master.

Leaves Bismarck on arrival of train. Wednesday, July 9th, for Fort Custer and all points on the Yellowstone River.

SMITH'S

THEATRE COMIQUE,

AND

COTTAGE SALOON,

MILES CITY, MONTANA.

The Pioneer House of the City, Re-built and Fitted up in Elegant Style.

Finest Saloon in the Territory.

All Goods warranted "Straight."

Eastern Travelers Specially Invited.

5m3

Matt Vinegar.

This vinegar is made from malt at the Star Brewery and is free from any chemicals or acids.

For sale at Walker's.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by Peter Malloy and Bridget Malloy, his wife, mortgagors, to Jacob Kalberer, mortgagee, bearing date the 22d day of October, A. D. 1878, whereby the said mortgagors did grant, bargain, sell and convey unto the said mortgagee, their heirs and assigns forever, the following described real estate, situate, lying and being in the county of Burleigh and Territory of Dakota, to-wit: Lots number eight (8) and nine (9), in block number forty-five (45), and the frame building situated in front of said lots in the city of Bismarck, according to the plat thereof filed for record in the office of the register of deeds in and for the county of Burleigh, D. T. Which mortgage was given to secure the payment of the sum of one hundred and sixty-five dollars (\$165), according to the conditions of a certain promissory note, bearing even date with said mortgage, payable one month from date and drawing ten per cent. per annum, given by the said mortgagors to the said mortgagee, which mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds in and for Burleigh county, D. T., on the 22d day of November, 1878, at 2 p. m., in book "B" of mortgages, on page 90. And whereas, there is claimed to be due on said note and mortgage at the date of this notice for principal and interest, the sum of one hundred and seventy-four dollars and eighty-five cents (\$174.85), over and above the sum of one hundred and sixty-five dollars and fifty cents (\$165), as aforesaid, and that no proceedings at law or otherwise have been had to recover the amount secured by said mortgage or any part thereof. Now therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgaged premises at public auction to the highest bidder, which sale will be made by the sheriff of Burleigh county, D. T., in the city of Bismarck, the place where the district court for said county was last held, on the 8th day of July, 1879, at 2 o'clock p. m., to satisfy the amount which will then be due on said note and mortgage together with the sum of twenty-five dollars attorney fees as aforesaid, and all lawful costs and disbursements.

JACOB KALBERER, Mortgagee.

FLANNERY & WETHERBY, Attorneys for Mortgagee. 1-7

Proposals for Wood and Hay.

OFFICE CHIEF QUARTERMASTER, DEPARTMENT OF ARMY.

ST. PAUL, MINN., June 28, 1879.

SEALED PROPOSALS, in triplicate, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this office and at the office of the Acting Assistant Quartermaster at Fort Yates, D. T., on or before 12 o'clock noon, on the 14th day of July, 1879, at which time and places they will be opened in presence of bidders, for furnishing at Fort Yates, D. T., 3,768 cords of Soft Wood, and 634 tons of Hay, for such other quantity of either article, as may be required at said post, during the fiscal year commencing July 1st, 1879, and ending June 30th, 1880.

Permission will not be given contractors to cut wood or hay on the military reservation at Fort Yates.

One copy of this advertisement must be securely attached to each triplicate proposal, and must be mentioned therein as comprising part of it. Bids for proposals may be obtained at this office or at Fort Yates.

The successful bidder, in each case, will be required to enter into a written contract with the United States, with good and approved security, in the sum of \$2,000, within ten days after being notified of the acceptance of his proposal.

Proposals must be inclosed in sealed envelopes, marked "Proposals for Wood," or Hay as the case may be, and addressed to the undersigned, or to the Post Quartermaster at Fort Yates.

The United States reserves the right to reject any or all proposals.

CHAS. H. TOMPKINS, Deputy Quartermaster General, U. S. Army, Chief Quartermaster.

W. H. W. COMER.

Proprietor

TONSorial PARLORS,

Main Street, next to Merchants Bank.

Hair-Cutting and Shampooing

A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths. 4

Wm. Glitschka,

Groceries, Provisions, Flour,

Candy, Fruit,

Crockery Glass Ware,

and Stoneware. Opposite Post Office. 4

ICE CREAM,

FRESH FRUIT,

CONFECTIONERY, ETC,

And all of the Latest Newspapers at the

ICE CREAM PARLORS,

Main Street. Near Cor. Third.

Bismarck Dakota.

my31v7n1 C. A. HARNOLD.

1879. ATTRACTIVE 1879.

Excursion Route

TO

Lake Superior.

—o—

THE

Lake Michigan & Lake Superior Transportation Co.

Composed of the Elegant Passenger Steamers

"Peerless," "City of Duluth,"

"City of Fremont" and "Jas. L. Hurd."

Will run during the season of navigation, 1879, from

CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE

TO

DULUTH.

Touching at the intermediate ports of Port Washington, Sheboygan, Manitowish, Mackinaw, Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, L'Anse, Houghton, Hancock, Eagle River, Eagle Harbor, Copper Harbor, Ontonagon, Ashland, Bayfield, and Prince Arthur's Landing, connecting at Duluth with the St. Paul & Duluth and the Northern Pacific railroads for all points in Minnesota, Manitoba and Black Hills, and at Ashland with the Wisconsin Central railroad for Chicago, Milwaukee and all points East and Southeast.

The steamers of this line are fitted, found and officered with special reference to the comfort and safety of passengers, and will during the summer season give a series of

GRAND EXCURSION TRIPS.

Quick Dispatch and Low Rates on Freight.

These steamers will make semi-weekly trips, leaving the company's dock at Market street, Chicago, at 8 o'clock p. m., and from Milwaukee on the following mornings.

For passage, freight or information apply to the following agents:

Leopold & Austerlin, Milwaukee, Wis.; Julius Amstutz, St. Paul, Minn.; D. A. Christy, Duluth, Minn.; E. B. Spaul, Marquette, Mich.; J. Hoar, Jr., Houghton, Mich.; John Trelease, general agent, Hancock, Mich., or at the office of the company, 74 Market street, Chicago, Ill.

JOSEPH AUSTRIAN, Gen'l Manager.
C. F. A. SPENCER, Sec'y and Treas.

1,000 Laborers Wanted!

To buy their outfits of Clothing at the Star Clothing House,

For Work on the Extension!

ALSO

500 Traveling Men Wanted!

To visit this popular store, where

Trunks, Valises, Etc., will be Furnished

At the Lowest Cash Figures.

THE STAR CLOTHING HOUSE

Has Just Received a Large Stock of

Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Etc., Etc.

The Best Ever Brought to this Market.

Call and convince yourself of their genuineness and our ability to meet the wants of every one. Remember the place,

SIGN OF THE RED STAR,

Cor. Main and Fourth Sts., Bismarck, D. T.

M. EPPINGER, Proprietor.

McLEAN & MACNIDER,

General Dealers in

Groceries, Dry Goods

BOOTS AND SHOES,

CLOTHING

HATS AND CAPS,

CROCKERY, ETC.,

Agents for

THE STUDEBAKER WAGON.

Main St., - - BISMARCK, D. T.

STOVES

FROM \$12 UPWARD,

(St. Paul Prices)

BY

Geo. Peoples,

at the

Pioneer Hardware Store.

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THOMAS VAN ETTEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BISMARCK D. T.

BISMARCK

AND

FT. BUFORD

STAGE AND EXPRESS

AND

U. S. MAIL

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays - a 8 a. m., making the full trip in five days.

Stages will leave Buford on same days as from Bismarck, at 6 a. m.

For Express, Passage or Freight apply to JOHN LEASURE, agent, at J. W. Raymond & Co.

Bismarck, D. T.

Or to LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford.

10.030 NAMES of residents wanted.

For 25 names and 25 cents we will send you a fine silk handkerchief, every thread silk, regular price \$1.00. G. W. Foster & Co., 125 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. 44

WANTED

ONE SALESMAN for each State. Salary from \$75 to \$1400 per month and expenses. References required. LA BELLE MFG CO., 93 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

W. M. GLITSCHKA—Groceries and Provisions—Flour, Feed, &c. Agent for Minneapolis Soap. Main St opposite post office.

Lowest Reasonable Rates.

During the Entire Season

AT THE

Lowest Reasonable Rates.

Lowest Reasonable Rates.

Lowest Reasonable Rates.

Lowest Reasonable Rates.

IN A LEATHER BAG.

"I will not wait another day," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley—a stout, middle-aged lady with a rubicund countenance, a juvenile straw hat perched on the bridge of her nose, and many onyx beads wound about her throat.

"Bow-wow," responded her little dog Bijou.

Nephew Dick, presumptive heir of the lady, had failed to meet her at Turin, as agreed, and she had been forced to wait twenty-four hours, without result. She was deeply incensed, as became a British spinster with a neat property in Derbyshire, and funds in Turkish and Indian loans.

The bag was produced by the maid. It was a large bag of black leather. Bijou eyed it, apprehensively, yet with resignation. The tiny terrier, with eyes like shining beads, an inquisitive nose, and black body, with a patch of soft velvet brown on breast and paws, jumped into the outside pocket of this traveling mansion, and submitted to having the strap carefully adjusted over his prison in such a manner as allowed a breathing space. Bijou was smuggled on board trains; the maid was not trusted with the bag in her third-class seat, and it was a point of economy with his mistress not to pay for a dog's ticket in her own first-class carriage. Miss Norfolk-Stanley took the bag herself, thus exciting the interest of keen-eyed birds of prey hovering about in scent of jewel cases and bags carried by the English lady traveler. At frontiers the pet was popped under his mistress's mantle, while the maid took the bag to the custom-house officer for inspection; then the inmate was successfully restored. Bijou remained as silent as a mouse in the pocket for hours, and resisted the most tempting inducements to bark at startling noises. He knew full well that when the enemy had deserted the field his mistress would take him out of the dismal captivity. Bijou's fur stood on end, at the approach of a guard, by instinct.

Miss Norfolk-Stanley and her maid appeared on the platform of the Turin depot at nine o'clock in the morning. Nephew Dick would find the birds flown when he saw fit to grace the Piedmontese capital with his presence. Bijou was invisible to the most penetrating eye, curled up in the bag.

"Give me a lady's carriage, and alone if possible," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley to a smiling official, with a persuasive exchange of francs from palm to palm. The smiling official bowed, and soon the lady was installed in a vacant carriage.

"You shall come out, pet, if we are left alone," she whispered, unfastening the strap over the pocket of the bag as it rested on her knee. Bijou thrust out his little black head, reconnected the premises, and discreetly withdrew from sight again.

The Turin depot is one of the most amusing fields of observation in Europe. How Charles Lamb, the gentle philosopher fond of a London crowd, would have enjoyed it! The British lion monopolizes the field, as a rule, and presents here his most eccentric national aspect. He comes from Nice and Mentone, via Genoa, stiff in gait, with dyed whiskers and haughty mien, followed by my wife and troops of daughters. He comes from India, via Brindisi, tall and lean as a cane, in Oriental cap and belted tunic, like a very large school-boy, accompanied by a sickly and querulous helpmate, whose aspect suggests loss of health and children on the borders of the jungle. Every where is clamor, confusion, panic of haste; piles of wraps still odorous of long sea-voyages, trip the unwary pedestrian. A negress, with a blue silk cap on the back of her head and long ear-rings, drops a pile of cushions, and pauses to replace them in a scarlet rug, with good-humored laughter. An anxious mother escorts her darling boy, who is collapsed over the shoulder of a panting facchino, and demands wildly her coupe, engaged for Paris. An ambassador of Morocco, in a crimson gown and white turban, passes with dignified repose of manner, surrounded by his suit, enveloped in snowy burnouses, each wearing yellow slippers. A group of young soldiers lean on their muskets, and criticize the throng; porters skurry along, and guards gesticulate; but the quick, mocking Italian eye has ample leisure to scan the laughing negress with her gorgeous wrap, the tall old gentleman, the toddling old ladies round as balls, the ambassador in his turban.

Miss Norfolk-Stanley gazed on the hurrying throng with that selfish complacency peculiar to the traveler who has already secured a good seat in a Continental railway carriage. She held an old-fashioned theory that, deprived of the escort of Nephew Dick, a ladies' carriage was the safest place for herself. That she was alone in this opinion was speedily revealed by the fact of every other woman in the crowd bestowing her person in the conveyances adjacent, rather than submit to the awful possibility of a troop of children for hours. Bijou's mistress was an old traveler: experience had made her timid and suspicious. She read all the robberies in English and foreign newspapers, and looked dubious at mankind of the touriest species. Who were these men? Why did they observe her? A ladies' carriage for her, if you please, and not one where each man in the corner may prove an assassin and a thief if a favorable opportunity offers. She had learned the words "Help!" and "Thieves!" in six languages, for emergencies.

Two ladies paused at the door of the carriage. The smiling official, in remembrance of Miss Norfolk-Stanley's bribe, resisted their efforts to enter and led them elsewhere. They were both women of medium height, in long waterproof cloaks, their heads enveloped in blue veils, which concealed their faces. Miss Norfolk-Stanley saw a long yellow hand, with thin fingers peculiarly talon-

like, stretched forth to turn the handle of her carriage door. The hand belonged to the first woman, and she experienced a strange sense of relief when it was again withdrawn, and the other passed on. Why? Because Bijou could caper about at liberty if she retained the carriage alone. She assured herself this was the sole reason for dreading the yellow hand and the shiver which crept over her at the sight of it.

This danger surmounted, there remained one more to be overcome before Bijou and his mistress could breathe freely. The surly guard jumped on the step, demanding tickets. The surly guard gave and received no quarter. His expressions of countenance was saturnine, his gray mustache curled upward in a truly savage manner, and his cap was pressed down over a deeply wrinkled forehead. He was always in a hurry, and his life was rendered burdensome by the questions or nervous travelers. He eyed Miss Norfolk-Stanley sharply—sole occupant of the ladies' carriage, sitting with a leather bag carefully held upright on her knee.

"You have no dog?" demanded the surly guard, peering about the floor suspiciously.

"Certainly not," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley, blushing at the fib which she uttered in alarm for her pet.

Then the surly guard banged the door, departed, and the train actually started at last. Bijou skipped out of his prison, executed a wild but barkless dance over the seats, stood on his hind legs with great apparent enjoyment, ate a biscuit, and was refreshed with water from the cup of his own tiny traveling flask.

The train wended its way toward the Alps; one by one snow peaks detached themselves from the mountain rampart dividing France and Italy, and stood out boldly against the blue sky; the atmosphere grew keen. Down in the valleys weather-beaten little hamlets were huddled together in a cluster of steep roofs; the river foamed in silvery ripples; the peasants worked in the blooming fields. Within the railway carriage Miss Norfolk-Stanley indulged in her own meditations, and Bijou capered about at pleasure. The lady made her plans, with slightly compressed lips. She would go to Paris, and thence direct to London. Nephew Dick might well look to himself.

The train paused. Hi, Bijou! Miss Norfolk-Stanley had scarcely time to restore her pet to the bag pocket when the opposite door flew open, and the surly guard thrust in his head. Her heart failed her. If the surly guard had seen Bijou, he had the right to carry the dog off in triumph to the baggage van, and impose on herself the ignominy of a fine. Instead, he explained that two ladies must be admitted, as the cigar smoke of their carriage made them ill. Again that long, yellow hand groped upward for the door handle, and the two women in cloaks invaded Miss Norfolk-Stanley's territory. She resigned herself, with a sigh, to the inevitable. After all, these ladies were only a trifle peculiar and foreign looking, mere harmless fellow-creatures, and Bijou had already enjoyed two hours of freedom. Miss Norfolk-Stanley's first impulse was to throw herself on their mercy to the extent of releasing her dog. In travel she had never yet encountered another woman who did not assist in smuggling Bijou with the delight in contraband warfare of any kind peculiar to the sex. A second glance at those veiled and muffled figures deterred her. The strangers with a murmured apology in French for the intrusion, sank into their places at the other extremity of the carriage, and remained as silent as statues. They carried no bags or parcels of any kind. The yellow hand produced a smelling-bottle of cut steel, and a pungent odor diffused itself gradually, as the windows were closed to exclude the smoke.

Now the tunnels were gained which form the threshold of Mont Cenis on the Italian side, and which are immeasurably more black and oppressive.

A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train was in the first of the three long tunnels. The gas burned in a tiny star in the roof of the carriage. Horrible darkness and dense smoke like an opaque wall against the window-sash! Bijou's mistress unfastened her collar and sought her fan. At the other end of the carriage the yellow hand was deftly opening the owner's cloak, while a pair of glittering eyes were turned on the unconscious Miss Norfolk-Stanley from the folds of the veil. The smelling bottle of cut steel had vanished.

A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train plunged into the second tunnel. Behold the companion of the traveler with yellow hands quietly unfastening her cloak, and producing her smelling-bottle, this one a slender vial or colorless glass, which she retained between her fingers instead of using.

A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train passed into the third tunnel. Silence reigned in the ladies' carriage.

After this there was a pause, and Miss Norfolk-Stanley opened her window to inhale the pure mountain air, while each link of the train was tested before the trial of the great tunnel. Then Mont Cenis opened her great mouth, and received the human freight, the feeble atoms of an hour, into its rocky heart. Thirty minutes Miss Norfolk-Stanley opened her watch. Much may happen in thirty minutes. She had turned to the window, which had been again closed, when her head was seized, a nervous hand was pressed over her mouth, she was forced to inhale chloroform, and a cloak enveloped her, effectually stifling the faint cry, scarcely more than a sigh, which escaped her. The victim speedily lost consciousness, and the leather bag rolled from her lap to the floor.

Bijou fell on his head. Astonished at such treatment, he crept out of his pocket—of which the strap had not been re-

fastened when the surly guard brought the other occupants of the carriage so unexpectedly—and hid beneath the folds of his mistress's dress. Mark the wisdom of this little dog, and explain it by any law short of reason, actual presence of mind, if you can. He was afraid, and concealed himself, trembling in every limb. He knew something dreadful had happened.

The two women, divested of their cloaks, stood over Miss Norfolk-Stanley. Much can be done in thirty minutes of outer darkness, lost in the heart of Mont Cenis.

"Do not kill her. Discovery would be awkward," whispered the elder, a keen, yellow face appearing out of the veil which had previously concealed it.

Her accomplice remove the bottle from the nostrils of Miss Norfolk-Stanley, and lifted the cloak from her face. The latter did not move. Then the yellow claws took the watch and chain, rings, probed every pocket, nimbly sifted the contents of the rack above for valuables, and raised the leather bag, Bijou's house, in hopes of its containing a jewel box.

"Now open the other window. The carriage must not smell of chloroform when we reach Modane. I will give her another dose before throwing away the bottle."

"It was such a rare chance! Only if we should be detected at the frontier!" murmured the younger woman.

"Attend, ma chere. I have planned all," retorted the elder, with an evil smile. "She will recover, be stupid when we arrive at the French custom-house, and wait for her maid. Roll together the cloaks and the veils in this canvas cover; our dresses and hats have not been seen on the train. When we descend, I join Adolph, and lean on his arm; you go with the boys and speak German. We know longer know each other. You take the Geneva route, and I journey to Macon. There is plenty of time. Here, put back her purse, containing a little silver."

Daylight at last. Bijou thrust out his nose from the edge of his mistress's robe. The light re-assumed him. Such a volley of sharp, piercing barks became audible in the ladies' carriage as could only emanate from the throat of an irate terrier. The two women were confused. At first they supposed the dog was barking in an adjacent carriage. How could a living creature of any sort be concealed in their own, when every article of Miss Norfolk-Stanley's had been searched? Bijou barked with frantic zeal, and sprang toward the open window, redoubling his clamor. Then the old woman saw him, darted forward, and seized him. The terrible yellow hand closed about Bijou's neck; she lifted and prepared to fling him out of the window. Bijou's silky little body landed on the ledge of the sash just as the surly guard appeared, who was walking along the outer railing or platform, in response to that shrill volley of barks. "What! a dog in the ladies' carriage, after all? Ah! one must see about it! The surly guard caught Bijou in his hands; heads appeared at neighboring windows. The poor little beast whimpered, licked the guard's face in a propitiatory manner, and looked at him with the most agonized canine intelligence.

A dog in a ladies' carriage! Moreover, flung out of the window by a vengeful hand! One glance from his point of vantage on the step revealed the truth to the surly guard. Miss Norfolk-Stanley reposed in her corner in rigid insensibility, the cloak still about her; a faint scent of chloroform lingered. A well arranged plan, hanging on the train's not pausing again until Modane was reached, when all traces of disorder would have been removed, but for frustration by a vigilant little dog, so tiny as to be stowed away in the pocket of a leather bag.

A group of those highly ornamental gens d'armes in cocked hats and brilliant uniforms who pose so gracefully at French and Italian railway stations were given employment in arresting the thieves. Miss Norfolk-Stanley came to a confused consciousness, and was removed to a hotel under guidance of her frightened maid. The surly guard actually kept Bijou in his arms, and caressed the little dog instead of demanding his ticket.

Next evening Nephew Dick appeared at Modane in response to the maid's telegram sent back to Turin. He had been delayed by reason of a robbery, in which he had lost both watch and pocket-book, on a night journey between Rome and Florence. He was disposed to suspect two gentlemen who had staid in the same hotel at Rome.

In the years 1877 and 1878 a band of thieves waged war on the Continent, their connection extending from Stockholm to Naples. They appeared as ladies and gentlemen at leading hotels, and pursued every where the higher branches of the profession. Doubtless Miss Norfolk-Stanley and Nephew Dick were both their victims. The latter was speedily re-instated in his aunt's favor by his ability displayed during the trial and conviction of the miserable women.

Bijou has gone into honorable retirement in the country. His prejudices are respected. If he sees a railway and a moving train, he howls and runs away, in remembrance of the awful day when a cruel yellow hand seized and hurled him from the window as the ladies' carriage emerged from the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

Young Trout-Fisher wants us to tell him "how to throw a fly." My young friend, there are various ways of throwing a fly. The collar-and-elbow hold is about the squarest way of doing it, as the advantages there are about equal. If you are quick on the flop, you might try him side-hold. If we wanted to throw fly we would prefer a run-and-catch—catch who catch can. If you don't want to take any risk in the business, place a banana skin in front of the fly and let him throw himself.

PIONEER HARDWARE STORE,

GEORGE PEOPLES,

Having Purchased the Entire Business of R. C. SEIP & CO. I Shall Put in

NEW CAPITAL, NEW STOCK

IN EVERY LINE, AND BE PREPARED TO SUPPLY EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN HARDWARE STORES AT LOWER PRICES THAN HERETOFORE.

COOK STOVES,

Enough to Supply the whole Region Bought and Shipped at Low Rates.

Tinware, Steamboat Supplies, Kitchen Ware, &c.

Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.

Corner main and Third St., Bismarck, D. T.

J. H. MARSHALL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

FULL LINE OF GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRUNKS AND VALISES.

GENTS' CUSTOM MADE BOOTS A SPECIALTY.

Prompt attention given to orders by mail

DR. PRICE'S

Cream

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Eminent Chemists and Physicians certify that these goods are free from adulteration, richer, more effective, produce better results than any others, and that they use them in their own families.

DR. PRICE'S Unique Perfumes are the Gems of all Odors. Toothene, an exquisite Liquid Dentifrice.

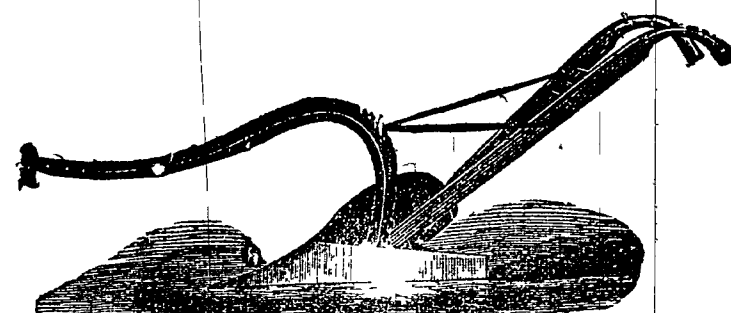
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FLOW WORKS

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



ESTABLISHED IN 1860.

Manufactures the Celebrated Monitor Plows, Breakers, Cultivators, Road and Railroad Plows, Scrapers, Sulky Hay Rakes, Hand Corn Planters, etc., etc. All Goods Warranted First-Class. Prices Reasonable. Send for Catalogue For sale by Wm. Harmon & Co., Fort Lincoln, D. T.

THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS

IS MANUFACTURED BY

FISH BROS. & CO.,

RACINE, WIS.

WE MAKE EVERY VARIETY OF

FARM, FREIGHT AND SPRING WAGONS,

And by confining ourselves strictly to one class of work; by employing none but the

BEST OF WORKMEN,

Using nothing but

FIRST-CLASS IMPROVED MACHINERY, and the VERY BEST OF SELECTED TIMBER,

And by a THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE of the business, we have justly earned the reputation of making

"THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS!"

We give the following warranty with each wagon:

WE HEREBY WARRANT the FISH BROS. WAGON No. to be well made in every particular and of good material, and that the strength of the same is sufficient for all work with fair usage. Should any breakage occur within one year from this date by reason of defective material or workmanship, repairs for the same will be furnished at place of sale, free of charge, or the price of said repairs, as per agent's price list, will be paid in cash, by the purchaser producing a sample of the broken or defective parts as evidence.

Racine, Wis., Jan. 1, 1878. { TERRY G. FISH, EDWIN B. FISH, JNO. C. EUGENS, } FISH BROS. CO.

Knowing we can suit you, we solicit patronage from every section of the United States, and for Prices and Terms, send for a copy of our AGRICULTURAL PAPER to

FISH BROS. & CO., Racine, Wis.

PRIVATE TOM GATES.

A small, square room, dim with tobacco smoke, poorly lighted by a single lamp; around a huge stove a group of men, wearing the blue and gold of Uncle Sam's livery; very shabby the blue, very tarnished the gold, after the long summer campaign on the dusty prairies and the grimy Bad Lands. As the fierce wind howled around the little log cabin, driving the snow through the loose window frames until it lay in miniature embankments on the floor, the little company drew still closer to the friendly stove, and one and another told his tale of past adventure and stress of circumstance, until the old doctor, whose gray hair might have earned for him some more cheerful home than a frontier outpost in which to pass his evidently hale old age, said in his slow, quiet way:

"Well, my boys, you've each had your say and not asked the old man for his anecdote yet; but your getting a trifle talked out the last half hour. I've seen some queer things in my day, and maybe could tell a story as well as any one if I was urged hard enough."

"Lay on, doctor, we save the best till the last, always."

"None of us can tell such yarns as you, when you're once set going, for you never spoil a good story for want of adding a trifle here and there just to make complete and round it off nicely," murmured into voice a sticky stripping.

"While you're talking here," said the old doctor, an odd melancholy sort of feeling came over me, and you'll own that's a weakness I'm not very subject to, boys, but somehow my thoughts seem to run on a poor fellow who's dead now, so there's no harm in talking about him, if you care to listen."

A sharp order to the junior lieutenant to fill up the stove with wood and the quick about it a tilting back of wooden chairs to miraculous angles, expressed the approval of the company, and drawing a long whiff from his pipe, the doctor began:

"Up at Camp R, not many years ago, there was a soldier who excited considerable curiosity among the officers and men by his queer ways. Most of you know how it is in these little rat-holes where troops are housed for the winter, shut in like rats in a pit, with nothing to do but look at each other, till spring starts them off on the war path again. Each person's peculiarities undergo a searching analysis, and any one who refuses at once to divulge his whole private history and antecedents, for the benefit of his comrades' curiosity, is considered a social traitor. The idea that the proper study of mankind is man is carried to its extreme limits, both among officers and privates. The soldier I was telling you about was prompt and exact about his duties, no fault could be found with his conduct, but his face wore always a look of extreme depression. He was seldom seen at the sutler's store, never at the soldiers' dances or theatricals, never spoke if he could avoid it, but spent his spare time lying idly on his bed or wandering alone over the bleak, frosty prairies."

"It was at last decided by his comrades that he had committed some crime and enlisted to escape the law, and a prejudice began to be felt against the poor fellow, which resulted in his being totally ostracized. I pitied the man. He came to the hospital once or twice for some trifling ailment, but any effort to draw him into conversation only ended in the discovery that Tom Gates was born at Lynchburg, Va., had served through the last war, and was now in his second enlistment in the regular army."

"Spring came in and the scouting parties went out. From time to time a small detachment would come into Camp R to take out supplies or to bring in the sick and wounded men, for mountain fever and hostilities were both pretty troublesome that season. One broiling August day an orderly came to my room, where I was swinging in a hammock and engaged in desperate combat with the flies and gnats."

"Sir," said he, "private Gates, B company, is shot in the breast."

"All right," he down directly, "and in a couple of minutes I stood by Gates' bed, in the cool, quiet hospital ward. His tanned skin and close cropped hair, the sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, gave an odd expression to his face, but around the base of the nose was the pinched, weary look, which is a sure sign of death. A short examination showed that his days, if not his hours, were numbered; in fact, from the nature of the wound I was surprised that he had lived to reach the hospital."

"My poor fellow, I can't help you, except to promise to deliver any message you wish to send to your friends."

"Gates gave a short sigh, but the look in his eyes was more cheerful than any one I had ever seen in them before."

"I had no friends who want to hear of me," he said, after a pause, "but if you have a few minutes to spare I would like to tell you something about myself, as you've once or twice asked me questions. It's hard to carry the burdens I've had for years and die like a sullen dog at last."

"He drew a painful breath and went on in a faint, hurried voice. "It was on the march through Pennsylvania just before Gettysburg, the weather fearfully hot. Men were continually dropping from the ranks, fainting from heat and thirst. When we passed any spring or creek the regiment would make a mad rush, and the cold water and the heat together laid many a fellow flat on the road. At last the order was given that any man who left the ranks to fetch or drink water, without leave from the captain of his company, should be instantly shot in front of his regiment. The men were killing themselves, you know, by the way they were going on."

"About noonday we got to K—where we were to halt for an hour. For hours

we had been marching through the sand, under that blazing sun. Just outside the town was a little brook, running by the roadside. To march along by that water with dried lips, swollen tongues, burning eyes, was hard. One man stepped from his place, filled his canteen and was back in an instant. This man was my brother. The regiment halted. The first six men in the front rank of our company were ordered to 'fall in.' I was one of them. I begged my captain for God's sake to spare me this duty, for the doomed man was my own brother."

"No talking. Attention, squad!"

"Load."

"Fire!"

"I know my ball never touched him, but my poor brother fell dead. From this moment I watched my chance to finish the captain who had done his best to make me murder my only brother. Our colonel never came out. Our company lost all but twenty, and was chosen to pay the last honors at the colonel's hurried funeral. 'Now,' whispered the devil, 'here's your chance to revenge your brother's death; take it. It may never come again.' I did take it. The captain gave the order for the last salute over the grave. 'Fire' and fell dead, shot through the heart. I was calm and quiet in the confusion which followed. The miserable wretch had paid his debt. But when the excitement was past, and I was once again in the dull routine of duty where was the contented, satisfied heart I hoped for as soon as my vengeance was complete and my enemy, the murderer of my brother, was rotting in the grave? No! I sought death to escape from my own thoughts; I wanted to die to rid the world of the coward who had shot down in secret his foe, and dared not confess his crime. Fourteen years I have carried this worm at my heart, gnawing away hope and friendship from my life, for how could a man like me have friends? I once read about furies; I have felt them tearing at me for years. Oh, misery!" A fit of coughing choked his voice; he sank back exhausted with the effort he had made. Next morning he was dead, but on his haggard face was a look which told that, having found life a galling load, tired he slept, at last."

Burdette's Baby.

An Eastern man, a subscriber to the *Burlington Hawkeye*, has been intensely interested, during the winter, by the letters which Burdette, the humorist, has written home to that paper. Most of all was he affected by the many references which the writer made to babies, whom he met upon the trains in his travels. Every line in this connection breathed sentiments of tender love for the little creatures."

"Ah," mused the Eastern man, "what a noble fellow this is. I should know that he was a father himself, and that his own baby was his greatest source of joy."

Last week the Eastern man chanced to be in Burlington, and something impelled him to call upon the man who had delighted him so often with his expressions of fatherly affection. As he approached the house in which he had been informed the humorist with the tender heart lived, he noted an open window, through which the form of a man, bending over a desk and busily writing, could be seen. The Eastern man was about to ring, when he was petrified by hearing a great crash, followed by a man's voice, in accents of the wildest description, ejaculating:

"Now, there you go! I knew you'd haul that ink onto yourself, you young scamp! Here! Mrs. B.—somebody—everybody—come and take this horrible little wretch away. I'd like to know how you think a feller is going to write anything with a baby everlastingly hanging around. Oh, yes, now, yell—that's right—'whoop it up—oh, go it! There—'sh, sh, hushy, hushy! Dry up, or I'll—oh, won't somebody come and put this volcano out! There, Mrs. B., take him, give him a barrel of laudanum, and if you don't keep him out of here in the future, I'll swap him for a brindle pup."

The nerveless hand of the Eastern man dropped from the bell-pull, and he had just strength enough left to stagger across the street, where he sat down on a stoop and fanned himself with a lath until he revived. Then he took the first train for home.—*Rockland Courier*

How the Layards Saved Marshal Serrano.

Lady Layard, the wife of the British ambassador at Constantinople, is a handsome woman, gifted with a large heart and great energy. Her kindness to the suffering Turkish refugees has won from them the most enthusiastic gratitude. And it is not in Turkey only that her self-devotion and courage are appreciated. While her husband was stationed in Madrid as British minister, Marshal Serrano, the ex-regent, pursued by the Republicans on an accusation of conspiracy, sought refuge at the British legation. As this residence was considered unsafe for him, the Layards carried him in disguise to Santander. On arriving at the railway station the marshal gave his arm to Mrs. Layard, while Mr. Layard walked behind with the bags, and in this manner they got safe into the train through a crowd of excited Republicans. At the principal stations on the road the "Reds" searched the carriages, but Mr. Layard stood at one door of their compartment and Mrs. Layard at the other, and prevented the men from entering, claiming the right of free passage as British representatives. At Santander a tug was engaged to take Serrano to Biarritz, and at the last moment two civil guards came up and demanded permission to search it; Mr. Layard stood in the gangway and refused to admit them, saying that the strange passenger was a messenger being sent by the British minister. They being desisted, the tug started and Serrano was saved.

For the part she had taken in the matter Mrs. Layard received the thanks of the British government in a special dispatch—the only instance on record of a lady being so honored.

AN ARMY INCIDENT.

How an Officer's Servant Acted as the "Grand Rounds."

As showing the attachment of some of the military officers' servants to their masters, I will relate an incident which occurred in a garrison town in which the writer was stationed for some time. An officer of rank in the artillery was named in garrison orders as the officer of the day. As the "grand rounds" it was his duty to visit the garrison guards at night. Having sat pretty late at mess and being fond of the bottle his gait was very unsteady when he rose from the table to proceed to his quarters to dress for duty. Before dressing he threw himself on the bed, saying:

"I'll just snatch half an hour's sleep; call me at 1 o'clock."

At 1 o'clock the servant attempted to rouse him, but without effect. The servant got the officer upon his feet, shook him; applied wet cloths to his head, but all to no purpose; the gentleman had been going on a short allowance of sleep for a week, and now nature had taken hold of him, and, being backed by the wine he drank, held him fast. The servant was almost frantic, knowing well the consequences that would ensue if his master did not make the grand rounds, while wondering what course to pursue, his eyes fell upon his master's uniform, sword, etc., already laid out for him to put on. The master and servant were about a size; the clothing of the one fitted the other to perfection.

"There's no other plan," said the servant to himself; "it's an awful risk, but I'll attempt it."

Hastily throwing off his clothing he donned his master's regimentals—the splendid uniform of the artillery, backed on the sword, drew the heavy busby over his brows, and casting an admiring look at himself in the glass—notwithstanding his anxiety, locked the door upon his master and went out. The orderly was waiting in the barrack guard room, and turned out with the guard to present himself.

"Go ahead," said the pseudo officer.

"Which guard first, sir?"

"The magazine guard."

The orderly led the way. Guard after guard was visited, and the servant began to enjoy the masquerade. It was something unusual for him to be announced as grand rounds, and to have a guard present arms to him. There was no suspicion that the master and the man had changed places for the time being, although the subaltern officer in charge of the main guard perhaps felt a little nettled to have his friendly salutation, after the guard had been turned in; responded to so gruffly.

On returning to the quarters the servant found his master still sleeping. Unable to resist the temptation to admire himself once more in the glass, the servant paraded up and down the room, casting sidelong glances at the mirror. While so doing the officer awoke. He was not a little surprised to see what appeared to be himself strutting up and down the apartment. He soon discovered, however, that the apparition was his servant, and, anxious to know what the unusual masquerade was for, kept quiet. The servant after two or three turns sat down and leisurely drew off the spurred boots, divested himself of other articles of uniform in their order, and then, heaving a sigh, said:

"It's d—d well over."

"I should think it is," cried the officer; "what d'ye mean, you rascal, by putting yourself into my uniform, eh?"

"I didn't know you were awake, sir; do you know what time it is?"

The officer had forgotten that he was on duty, but it now flashed upon him at once. Jumping from the bed he looked at his watch.

"Half past 4! My G—d, I'm ruined." Then, turning to the servant, he said: "Now then, why didn't you call me at 1 o'clock? Do you know what you've done?"

"Sir, I might as well have tried to awaken a dead man. I used every means to awake you, and you will see by the stains of your linen that I even deluged your head with water."

"Too late to take the guards now," groaned the officer; "the night has passed away and day is breaking."

"Never mind, sir, cheer up! The 'grand rounds' visited the guards; everything is correct. Just make out your report as if you had taken the guards."

"What d'ye mean?"

"I mean that I have been the 'grand rounds' to-night, and acted the part so well that not a soul suspected but that it was you. Now you know why I have on your uniform."

The officer stared at his man a moment.

"Do you mean to say you have personated me and taken the guards?"

"Yes, sir; that's it. I personated you."

The officer grasped the servant's hand. "Ashton," said he, "you have done me a great service to-night. I shan't forget it."

Nor did he forget it, and the servant kept his counsel so well that the incident would never have become known but for the officer himself, who blurted it out one evening while in his cups to some of his associates. The story was too good a one to keep, and it quickly spread over the garrison. The authorities, however, paid no attention to it, and the officer did not suffer from the expose.

The London *Post* proposes a national subscription to raise a monument to the memory of the prince Imperial. A bronze statue representing the prince in the uniform in which he died is suggested.

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Goods Choice and Fresh and Delivered Free to any point in the City.

LOCAL LEVIES.

Made by "Tribune" Reporters in Their Rounds About the City.

The crops were not injured by Monday's storm.

The big mill is looming. Work is now in progress on the third story.

Services at the Episcopal Church next Sunday at the usual time and place.

Deadwood pays \$250 for the Seventh Cavalry Band for Fourth of July purposes.

The Lincoln boys in blue badly scooped the citizens of Bismarck in the ball game last Tuesday.

A press of land office notices forced the Grand Forks Plaindealer to issue a supplement last week.

Among the attractions on the 4th were a brood of four young eagles which might have been seen at Bragg's.

Dietrich run a four-horse bus to Mandan yesterday. Joseph keeps up with demands of the business every time.

R. R. Marsh is building a nice two-story house, corner Meigs and Fifth Sts. C. S. Weaver & Co. are the contractors.

Dr. Burleigh purchased the damaged cargo of the Yellowstone and has opened a store of general merchandise at Miles City.

A new post office will soon be established at the Coal Banks, on the North Pacific extension with J. W. Cole, postmaster.

The ice house of Chas. Kupitz was not injured by the storm and Charley continues to deliver ice at the usual price per month or pound.

Sergt. Henry Murray, late sergeant major Seventh Cavalry, has been appointed commissary sergeant and has been ordered to Fort Benton.

Company I, Seventeenth Infantry, Capt. Sanger, and Co. F, Sixth Infantry, Capt. Sanders, have been ordered out on the extension to do escort duty.

J. M. Carnahan secured the best score the other evening, at glass ball shooting. He broke twelve out of fifteen, fifteen out of twenty and nineteen out of twenty-five.

Dennis Hannafin has bought half a block on Third street, in railroad addition. M. P. Slattery has also bought a quarter of block in same addition on Second street, and will build this fall.

Twelve hundred and forty cars of lumber, exclusive of bath and shingles, were shipped west of Brainerd on the N. P. during March, April, and May. It looks as if the N. P. country was settling up.

Potatoes planted on the railroad right of way, near the TRIBUNE office, on sod turned over this spring, yielded potatoes as large as hen's eggs for the Fourth of July dinner for the Bismarck TRIBUNE corps.

Rev. Mr. Miller took the first steps toward organizing the Episcopal Church at Jamestown last week. Several hundred dollars was subscribed and the church will be erected this summer. Also one in Valley City.

J. E. Peyton, the lawyer who robbed the mail at Valley City last August, of a check, was convicted by the U. S. court at Fargo. He was formerly of Rushville, Minnesota. The cases of Simonson and Can't reached yet.

Ives and Carpenter, passengers on the Big Horn, telegraphed from Buford that they interviewed Huntley and discovered that he has had enough of Sitting Bull; that there is no special probability of war but it there is "God help the white man."

Dan Scott wants Black Hills sports to substitute eggs for glass balls in their shooting matches. One man, the Times says has ten barrels he will contribute for the purpose. The eggs will break whether hit or not is one advantage in their favor, and then they are so fragrant.

At a glass ball match on the 4th Bigelow broke nine and Bell 14 out of 25. Bell and Carnahan then had a match of five balls each. Carney broke four and Bell made a clean sweep of five balls. Bell and Carnahan are both ahead of Bigelow on the shoot. Wake up, Doctor, and give the boys another trial.

The dance programmes used at last evening's Firemen's ball were the handsomest ever issued from THE TRIBUNE job office. The antique Egyptian design of print together with the patriotic display of ribbon bows as executed by Miss Maggie Powers, of Mrs. Linns corps of decorations, makes it the most novel of any ever issued in this city.

Fargo Times: Tower City, Spirit Wood (8th siding), and gamborn (6th siding), have risen to the dignity and importance of post offices. Casselton and Valley City have been made money order offices. M. D. Hills has been appointed clerk of the District Court and U. S. Commissioner for Barnes County. Rumor has it that the railroad company will build a brick round house and machine shops in Fargo.

It costs only six cents in Fargo to put a head on a newspaper man. That was the true paid by Hon. S. G. Roberts for assaulting the editor of the Independent. Things are different in Texas. A man coming out of a Texas newspaper office with one eye gouged out, his nose spread all over his face and one of his ears chewed off, replied to a policeman who interviewed him: "I didn't like an article that 'peared in the paper last week, an' I went in ter see the man who writ it, an' he war there!"

The steamer Montana brought down two hundred head of Montana cattle for Judge P. R. Smith. Her last cargo was a valuable one. The cattle were the finest that have been brought from Montana this season. They will be herded here for a time, put in the best marketable condition and shipped east. The Montana trade via Bismarck is a growing one and is a very important one indeed. Judge Smith, it will be remembered, was the first to inaugurate this Montana trade on a large scale, and deserves liberal concessions in shipping east.

Capt. J. E. Macklin, who came up from Fort Sully to attend the general court-martial at Fort A. Lincoln, says they found new potatoes and peas all the way up from Sully at the ranches. That the country is settling very rapidly and would be generally occupied on the east bank of

the river if the rights of settlers were recognized by the government. Unfortunately that executive order placing that whole country in the hands of traders and Indians, remains in force. The settlers have passed resolutions declaring that the country shall be opened and it is to be hoped the President will not veto, but proceed to revoke the objectionable order.

J. W. Watson, late of this city, and Miss Lulu Carpenter, formerly of Ann Arbor, Mich., were married last week at Sauk Rapids, Minn. The writer was in the army with a brother of Mrs. Watson, who was killed by his side and if the sister is like him, Mr. Watson has indeed secured a prize. He was one of the noblest men we ever knew.

An exchange says there are no oysters or strawberries or ice cream in Africa and consequently the people are black, dirty and savage. Those who want to try the wonderful civilizing effects of the institutions should visit the Harnois Ice Cream Parlor, Bismarck.

The receipts of the Bismarck telegraph office are a great deal more than half those of the St. Paul office. In other words Bismarck does the business of a city of twenty-five thousand people.

A ten thousand word special went over the lines from Stanley Huntley, for the Chicago Tribune on the 3rd. Stanley has met old Sitting Bull and interviewed him.

Bismarck has the direct telegraph line to St. Paul now, and there will be no more delay in dispatches because of an overtaxed wire.

Two Texas steers broke their necks while the Stage Company teamsters were breaking them to the yoke. The brutes were as unmanageable as a tornado.

Tuesday's rain washed out a wagon bridge on the Sweet Briar and swept away two thousand yards of the grade.

The Bismarck office has now two day and night operator and is doing four times as much business as a year ago.

The Steamer Benton, brought four companies of the seventh Infantry under Major Higgins, to the Musselshell.

The reorganized Bismarck band, played some fine selections in front of the Raymond's Hall, last evening.

Monday Walker, Bellows & Co. received five car loads of Mules for business on the grade.

The tents of the graders were all flattened out by Monday's storm.

About eighty couple attended the Firemen's ball, last evening.

Lieut. Loder, 7th Infantry suicided at Ft. Benton, last week.

Train loads of ties and iron continue to arrive.

Court Martial.

A general Court Martial convened at Fort Lincoln on the 30th of June was adjourned until to-day. The court is composed of the following officers; Lt. Col. Huston, Fort Buford, President; Lt. Col. Otis, Fort Lincoln; Major O. H. Moore, Fort Stevenson; Capt. J. S. Poland, Fort Lincoln; Capt. Leslie Smith, Fort Meade; Capt. E. P. Pierson, Fort Yates; Capt. H. S. Hawkins, Fort Buford; Capt. C. C. Rawn, Fort Snelling; Capt. F. M. Tolman, Fort Sully; Capt. Wm. S. Tisdale, Fort Randall; Capt. Van Horn, Fort Sisseton; First Lieutenant A. H. Jackson, of the Seventh Infantry, Fort Snelling, is detailed as Judge Advocate. Capt. Gilbraith and Reed, of Eleventh Infantry, of Fort Custer, will have a hearing before this court. Lieut. Whitney preferred charges against them, alleging too much talk on their part involving the elasticity of his wife. It is one of those unpleasant cases that had better have been dropped—one of those scandals that tend to disgrace the army—a scandal of long standing that Lieut. Whitney would have done well to have forgotten, no matter what may be his grievances. The court will probably hold its session at the Sheridan House. It is likely to be in session a month.

Coal.

The Coal men have been in. They keep mum, but rumor has it they have found a good thing. Davis, is still in the city but Ginter has gone to Minnesota, for more machinery. The specimens in sight are far superior to lignite or even the Ft. Dodge or Oskaloosa coal. The coal is light, but bright and hard, and wholly free from clinkers and sulphur, and burns to clean white ashes.

Lost in the Missouri.

Capt. H. M. Keys and his brother Lafayette, who left here on the 12th of June in a skiff for Yankton, were captured twenty six miles from their destination. Each man grasped a piece of driftwood. Lafayette went down and H. M. escaped. The Capt. remained on the river bank all night, bewildered. The brothers were from Valparaiso, Indiana, and had been working on the extension.

Indian Farms.

The work of breaking 1,200 acres of prairie for Indian farms at Standing Rock has just been completed. The ground is broken in ten acre lots, that being the amount allotted to each family. These ten acre lots in some instances are grouped together, but are separated by strips of unbroken prairie, but they extend up and down the Missouri on either side of Standing Rock a distance of fifteen miles. In addition to this breaking there is a large tract that was broken in former years on which the agency has a farm, concerning which THE TRIBUNE will give some interesting facts at an early day. This is the beginning of a new era. Now if the government will extend to Indian families the benefit of the homestead law along side will be made toward the settlement of the Indian question.

A Good Omen.

Madam Hen cackled at the door of THE TRIBUNE office this morning and retired. An investigation proved that she had stepped behind the door and there deposited an egg. THE TRIBUNE devil regards this a good omen and congratulates ye editor

that even the hens bring grist to THE TRIBUNE mill.

To Miles City Travellers.

Parties going up to Miles City, will find John Smith's, the pleasantest in the city. He gives a first-class variety performance, and his bar is supplied with the choicest liquors and cigars, his gentlemanly bearing makes him popular wherever he is.

Select School.

A select school will be opened by the undersigned at the Brick School House in this city on Monday July 7th. The text books will be the same as those in use in the public schools. Terms 50 cents per week.

CORA E. SWEET.

Wire Cloth.

We have procured a wire cloth with two more wires to the inch than any ever in this market. It will keep out the mosquitoes.

3-6

Money to Loan.

On Real Estate or approved collaterals.

15-17

GEO. P. FLANNERY.

Mr. Daniel Collins, late of Fort Totten, has purchased the Headquarters Hotel at Mandan and invites his friends to give him a call.

3-6

New potatoes and New Onions just received.

5-7

HALLETT & KEATING.

Pure Malt Vinegar

At Walker's St. Louis Store.

Trouble for Flies.

Our new fine mesh wire cloth was obtained at much expense and trouble. Sold at same prices as coarse mesh goods.

3-6

C. S. WEAVER & Co.

First-Class Day Board.

Persons desiring first-class day board at reasonable rates will find it at the St. James, Forster's old stand, now managed by Busse & Smith, who have had many years' experience in the restaurant business.

5-7

Mosquitoes.

Two more wires to the inch than any other wire cloth in the market. Only sold by

3-6

C. S. WEAVER & Co.

Nest Dwelling for Sale.

One of the neatest residences in the city for sale. Rented until next April at \$20 per month. Price \$900 cash. A first-class investment.

5-11

LOUNSBERRY & BENTLEY.

Northern Pacific Flour

Try It For sale by

1-12

McLEAN & MACNIDER.

Gents' French Kid

Walking Shoes at Marshall's.

3-6

Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.

12-1

M. P. SLATTERY, Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

The Celebrated

Burt & Mear's hand-sewed Gaiter at

3-6

J. H. MARSHALL'S.

Nothing Like It.

Had Cam taken his home girls occasionally to the Harnois Ice Cream parlor he would not have been forced to go to the land of Nod to secure a wife. Indeed the influence on his mind would have been such that he never would have thought of interfering with the pastoral pursuits of his brother. Nothing like ice cream, strawberries and other fruits to keep people cool and good natured.

Returned.

Mr. J. C. Cadz, the popular furniture man, on Third Street, has returned and is dealing out furniture by the car load. His stock is the most complete ever brought to this city, and new goods are arriving every day.

Lost.

A ring of four keys, one brass and three small. Finder will confer a favor by leaving the same at this office.

Office Room to Rent.

Inquire of Asa Fisher.

6-8

Beer Bottles.

Milwaukee Beer at wholesale only at J. W. Raymond & Co's., by the case or car load but not in smaller quantities.

Just Arrived

At J. H. Marshall's; an assortment of Burt & Mear's hand-sewed Shoes.

3-6

Ice Cream.

Manufactured for families, parties or festivals, or sold by the quart at the St. James, Forster's old stand.

5-7

Additional Term of District Court.

By virtue of the power in me vested, and in accordance with the provisions of Section 9, Chapter 27, Laws of Dakota Territory passed at the session of the legislature of said territory in 1879. Believing that necessity exists therefore, I do hereby order and appoint an additional term of the District Court to be held in the County of Bismarck in the Third Judicial District Subdivision, on Wednesday next, after the 20th day of July, 1879, at the court room in the City of Bismarck at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

Fargo, June 29, 1879.

A. H. BARNES.

5-8

Associate Justice of Supreme Court.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT BISMARCK, D. T., June 28, 1879.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: George Keidel, Pre-emption D. S. No. 239 for the SE¹/₄ of SW¹/₄, and the E¹/₂ and SW¹/₄ of SW¹/₄ Sec. 34, Township 139 Range 81, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Alex. Helmsworth of Burleigh County, D. T., and Harvey A. Fox, of Burleigh County, D. T.

5-9

PETER MANTOR, Register.

Land Office at Bismarck, D. T., July 5th, 1879.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final proof thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Henry M. Mixer, Homestead application No. 39, for the N. W. ¹/₄ of Section 14, Township 139, Range 80, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: John Pollock and Cyrus Thompson of Burleigh county, D. T.

6-10

PETER MANTOR, Register.

RESOLUTION.

The City Council of the City of Bismarck do resolve: That it is deemed necessary to open the alley way in Block Sixty-Eight (68) in the City of Bismarck, and unless a majority of the resident owners of the property liable to taxation thereon shall file with the City Clerk of said city within twenty days after the last publication of this resolution, their protest against such improvement, said alley way shall be opened.

Approved June 18, 1879.

GEORGE PEOPLES, Mayor.

Attent:

H. O'SHEA, Clerk.

ST. PAUL BRANCH

CLOTHING HOUSE,

Bismarck, D. T.

Special Announcement next week.

SIG HANAUER, Prop.

Special Bargains.

Special Bargains.

AT

DAN. EISENBERG'S,

A NEW SUPPLY OF

SPRING GOODS,

Just Received, Consisting of

DRY GOODS,

LADIES' AND GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Notions, Etc.

CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,

WHOLESALE

GROCERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,

Druggist and Fancy Goods,

BISMARCK, D. T.

W. W. KIMBALL'S

Mammoth Music House,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

ANNUAL SALES, \$1,300,000.

SOLE WESTERN AGENT for the following Instruments:—Hallett Davis & Co., J. P. Hale, and W. W. Kimball Pianos. W. W. Kimball and Smith's Organs. Instruments which have an established reputation far and wide, based upon experience in every respect. Old Instruments taken in exchange for New. Satisfaction guaranteed. Every Instrument warranted for five years.

F. J. CALL,

BISMARCK, D. T., SOLE AGENT FOR NORTHERN DAKOTA.

Catalogues Free on Application.

Nov 1879